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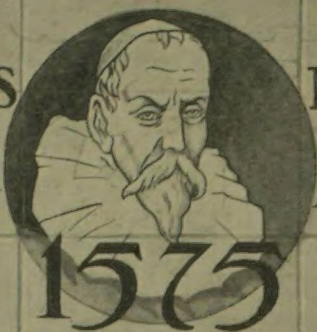
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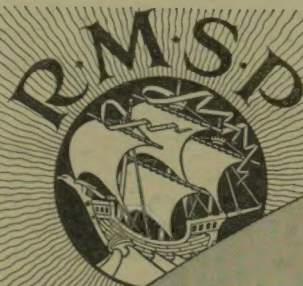
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1922.

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IN JAPAN—NOW ENTERTAINING THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE DAIBUTSU, OR GREAT BUDDHA, AT KAMAKURA.

The Prince of Wales was due to arrive in Japan on April 12, to spend a month visiting the most famous sights of that wonderful country. "Japan's greatest work of art" is the term applied to this colossal figure of Buddha by Mr. Herbert Ponting, in his fascinating book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," in which the photograph appears. "The Daibutsu," he continues, "that wondrous embodiment of Buddhist ideals, seems to breathe the very atmosphere of holiness. . . . For six-and-a-half centuries it has stood the ravages of time, whilst everything about it perished. Twice (1369 and 1494) it has breasted, without injury, tidal waves which swept the great temple that sheltered it, and the city of Kamakura, off the

earth. So immense a work was naturally not made in one piece. It dates from 1252, and was cast in seven separate layers, which were welded together and finished off with the chisel. Four centuries and more of exposure to the weather, since the temple was last destroyed, have mellowed the bronze to a beautiful brownish green. . . . The Daibutsu is hollow, of course, and one may go through a door cut in the bronze lotus-petals on which he sits, and climb a ladder to his head, in the back of which is a window. There is a shrine inside, dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy." The statue is about 36 ft. high. The eyes are said to be gold, and the wisdom boss on the forehead composed of 30 lb. of silver.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A DISTINGUISHED French critic has expressed his regret that people are agreeing with Einstein without understanding him. He does not go so far as to say, as some of us might, that if they did understand Einstein they would not agree with him. He inclines to think that they would really find a logical process which they could rightly value; but, as things are, they do not really value it at all because they do not really find it at all—indeed, they do not really look for it at all.

They are content with a curious effect; a sort of social flutter, which is produced by the mere word "relativity," when, indeed, it is not produced by the mere word "Einstein." And this is undoubtedly a singular feature of modern fashion, altogether apart from the merits of the mathematician in question. For most people Einstein is not yet a theory; he is not yet even a hypothesis; he has not got so far as to be called a hint. But he is already what is called a household word by people who have no households—the sort of people who live and talk in hotels.

Such people are primarily affected by advertisement; and it was pointed out the other day—I think, by Mr. Belloc—that advertisement in its nature concerns the names of things and not the things themselves. The things themselves may be quite valueless; they may even be quite valuable; and the theories of Professor Einstein, so far as that is concerned, may be quite valuable. But what is popularised in this fashion is simply a name, and even the popularity is of a very peculiar and definite kind, and not of a very dignified kind.

The name is not anything so serious as a proverb; it would be nearer the truth to say that the name is a joke. But even as such it is very much of a mystery. In one sense it seems that everybody can see the joke; but it is doubtful if anybody can see the joke of the joke. If the Professor aims, as is no doubt the case, at a serious success in his own very serious department, this is hardly the sort of success that can worthily reward him. It is doubtless something of an achievement to be able to say something about the fixed stars or the higher mathematics, and have it received with loud cheers; but it is less satisfactory to have it received, as the reporters say, with loud cheers and laughter. It is least gratifying of all for a philosopher to boast that he is the kind of person at whom people laugh, without even knowing why they are laughing.

The truth is that Professor Einstein has indeed revealed a kind of relativity which he did not intend to reveal. It is a relativity more relative, in Hamlet's sense of the word, than his own. Whatever be the merits of his own scientific theory, he has let out a secret about all scientific theories—or rather, to speak more justly, about the way in which all scientific theories may become scientific fashions. And that is by simply ceasing to be scientific.

And the importance of Einstein and his relativity in this relation is that, in his case, there cannot be anything scientific in the fashion, whatever there may be in the theory. In this case at least, if in this case for the first time, the public is quite certainly talking about what it does not understand. In the biological and psychological cases it may at least have been talking about what it imperfectly understood. It would

not be very satisfactory for a biologist or a psychologist to be not so much a theory as a name, and not so much a name as a joke. It would not satisfy a biologist to be applauded in connection with the antics of a pantomime elephant. It would not have pleased Darwin that the Missing Link should appear only in the place of the pantomime cat. But at least it might be argued that men recognised the reference because they recognised the idea. At least it might be argued that the Darwinian idea does apply to elephants and does apply to cats. The popular impression of Darwinism was doubtless very dim and confused, as it is still. For most people it amounted to the notion that men were descended from monkeys; for

cats and elephants; and the something could be popularised, if only in a pantomime. There is something to laugh at in the idea of a man who is half a monkey. There is nothing to laugh at in the idea of relativity. Men did make an image of the Missing Link; though it was an illogical image, because he was missing. They do not make an image of the Fourth Dimension, even an illogical image, because it is missing from imagination as well as experience. If they cheer and laugh at the mere word, it is not only because it is a word, but actually because it is a nonsense word.

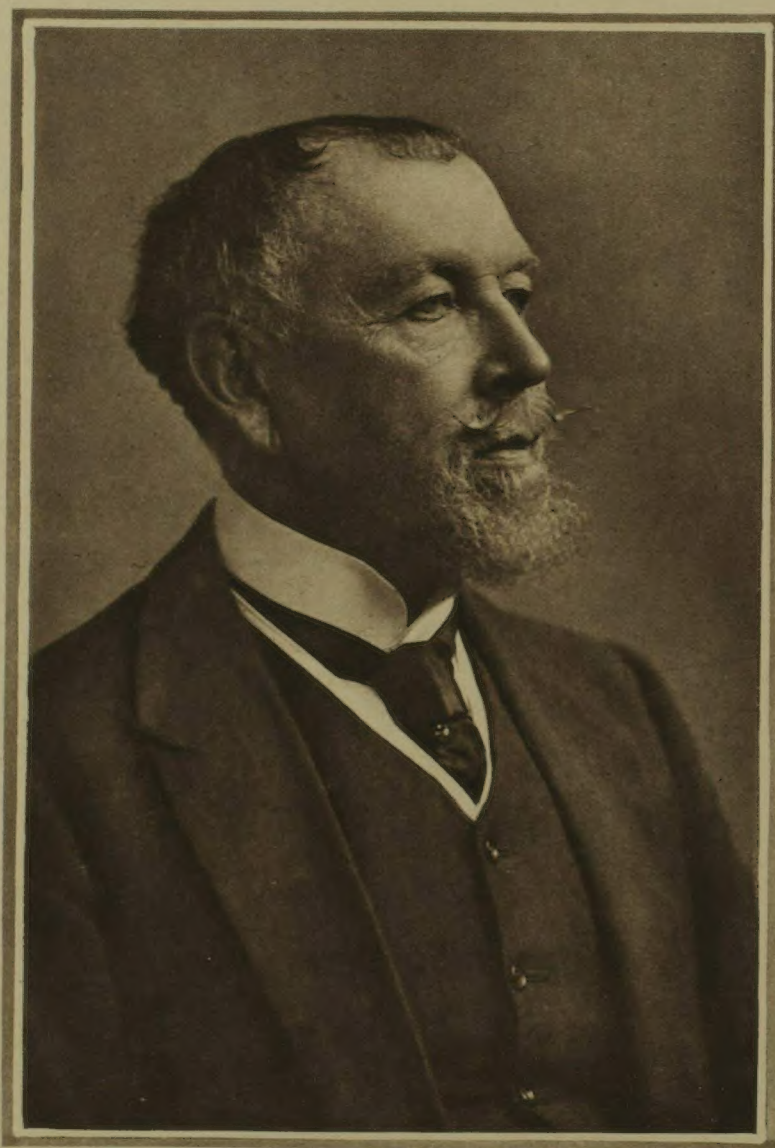
This is the great Einstein discovery, which is something quite different from the alleged discovery of Einstein. It is a discovery in psychology and not in mathematics. It is the fact that something called scientific can be a social success, I will not say before it is a scientific success, but among people who hardly pretend to be competent to judge whether it is a scientific success or not. It can be a success among people who have not the wildest notion, I will not say of whether it is true, but of what sort of thing it is supposed to be; who have not the most shadowy conception of the very terms of the science to which it refers; who have no more comprehension of the old ideas that it upsets than of the new idea by which it upsets them. It can be popular with people for whom the very language of the science is not cant but sheer gibberish.

So long as the examples were confined to cases like that of Darwinism, it was possible to believe that the fashion was at least accepted as a fact. It was possible to believe that those who talked about Darwin were in some sense really Darwinians. It is not possible to believe that all who are now talking about Relativity are really Relativists. The powerful and lucid literature of Huxley made it plausible to suppose that men followed him because he had proved his case. The men who follow Einstein do not know what case he is trying to prove.

Whether or no Darwin was convincing, it seemed probable that the Darwinians were convinced. After a lecture by Professor Einstein, a normal audience could not possibly be convinced; it could only be confused. Yet it is as much the fashion to talk about Einstein as it was to talk about Darwin. In some vague and fantastic manner, he stands in the same attitude of triumph. It is something like that attitude of the magician, in which Virgil was seen through the twilight of the Dark Ages. For all I know, Einstein may be as truly as fine a mathematician as Virgil was a fine poet; but it is not as a mathematician but as a magician that Einstein towers in the twilight of the twentieth century.

It is a discovery that might throw an interesting light on problems of the past. Einstein's name is not displayed on a sky-sign; despite the suitability of the style to his astronomical glory. But Einstein's name is advertised merely as a name, exactly in the same fashion as the name of a soap or the name of a sewing-machine.

It is impressed upon the public by the same mesmeric and irrational method, entirely apart from the question of its merits. And it would be interesting to inquire whether some of the less attractive creeds of the past had exercised this merely mesmeric and almost meaningless attraction.



THE LAST OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF WAR-ARTIST-CORRESPONDENTS: THE LATE FREDERIC VILLIERS, OF "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."

Mr. Frederic Villiers, who died on April 3, was the last of the old school of war-artists and correspondents. He was born on April 23, 1852, and, after an education in France, studied Art at the British Museum and South Kensington Schools. His first professional engagement for a campaign was in Serbia, in 1876. To set forth his career in detail would be to publish a list of the wars, big and small, from 1877, when he was with the Russians during the Turkish War, to the first two-and-a-half years of the Great War, when he was with the French and British Armies. His work has been familiar to readers of "The Illustrated London News" since the Boer War; and it will be recalled that he represented this paper at the Russian-Japanese War, when he was the only war-artist present at the Siege of Port Arthur; in the Spanish War in Morocco in 1909; with the Italian Army for the invasion of Tripoli, 1911; and with the Bulgarian Army in the war with the Balkan Allies in 1912-13. Not only was he an artist who presented exceedingly realistic battle-pictures, but he was a very capable correspondent, and very well known as a lecturer.—[Photograph by Russell, London.]

many people it included the notion that men ought to scramble and fight each other like monkeys. This was not Darwin, but it was Darwinism. It was an idol more enormous, more evident, more solid, and perhaps more permanent than the idea which it misrepresented. The scientific thesis of natural selection was quite serious and thoughtful, and has been largely abandoned by scientific men. The fashionable legend was quite anarchical and absurd, and it is still firmly maintained by multitudes of unscientific men. But if the legend was a caricature of the theory, there was something in the theory to caricature. Darwin did say something about men and monkeys, as well as about



# "UNIQUE—A PURELY JAPANESE CREATION": A TRIO OF GEISHA.

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.



## GRADUATES OF A REAL "CHARM SCHOOL": GEISHA GIRLS—ENTERTAINERS OF A TYPE UNKNOWN IN EUROPE.

"No class of Japanese womanhood" (we quote Mr. Herbert G. Ponting's "In Lotus-Land—Japan") "is more misunderstood by foreigners than the *geisha*. The *geisha* has no prototype in Europe: she is unique—a purely Japanese creation. . . . The *geisha* is an entertainer. She is trained from childhood in the arts of music, dancing, singing, story-telling, conversation, and repartee. No Japanese dinner in native style is ever given without attendant *geisha*. There is usually one *geisha* at least to every guest. . . . The *geisha*, too, is in great request for boating and picnic parties." Mr. Julian Street, in his "Mysterious

Japan," writes: "A *geisha* house is simply a house in which *geisha* live under the charge of a master or mistress to whom they are bound by contract or indenture. *Geisha* are booked through exchanges. . . . It would be considered the height of vulgarity for a man to call upon a *geisha* at the *geisha* house. . . . *Geisha* correspond more nearly to cabaret entertainers than to any other (Western) class." Mr. Street mentions meeting a *geisha* named Jitsuko, who "had the honour of being nominated as the *geisha* to entertain the Duke of Connaught at dinners he attended at the time of his visit to the Japanese capital."



# WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES IS A NATIONAL GUEST: PICTURESQUE TYPES IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN.

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HERBERT G. PONTING, F.R.G.S.



THE "TAXI" OF JAPAN: JIN-RIKISHAS WITH WOMEN PASSENGERS AMONG THE CHERRY BLOSSOM OF SHIBA PARK, TOKYO.



"WITH A SMALL PILE OF BOOKS, AND A JOINT OF BAMBOO FILLED WITH HIS DIVINING-RODS": A URANAISHA, OR JAPANESE FORTUNE-TELLER, AT INARI TEMPLE, KYOTO.



WITH HER WARES DISPLAYED SOMEWHAT AFTER THE MANNER OF A CHRISTMAS TREE: A STREET TOY-SELLER IN JAPAN, AND TYPES OF HER LITTLE CUSTOMERS.



TRAVELLING BY KAGO: JAPANESE LADIES ON THEIR WAY TO THE SHRINES OF NIKKO, IN AN AVENUE OF MAGNIFICENT CRYPTOMERIAS.



WITH BASKETS OVER THEIR HEADS TO CONCEAL THEIR IDENTITY: ITINERANT MUSICIANS, SAID TO BE REDUCED ARISTOCRATS, AT KYOTO.



"THE GEISHA HAS NO PROTOTYPE IN EUROPE: SHE IS UNIQUE--A PURELY JAPANESE CREATION": A GEISHA DANCING TO ANOTHER'S MUSIC.



WRITING A LETTER: A JAPANESE GIRL WITH HER PEN AND SCROLL, TEA-THINGS, AND TETSU-BIN (KETTLE) OVER THE HIBACHI (CHARCOAL STOVE).



"GREETINGS IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS": A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE COURTESY--GIRLS IN GAY KIMONOS BOWING TO EACH OTHER.

As mentioned on our front page, the Prince of Wales arranged to arrive in Japan, at Yokohama, on April 12, for nearly a month's stay in that fascinating and hospitable country. A delightful account of Japanese life and character is given by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, the famous traveller, in his book, "In Lotus Land--Japan," where several of the above photographs are to be found, with a fuller description of the scenes represented than is possible here. We may quote, however, a few passages of special interest in connection with one or two of our illustrations. "The Japanese *uranaisha*, or fortune-teller," he writes, "fills a very serious and material place in the estimation of the lower classes of the people. They resort to him in every conceivable form of trouble. . . . With a small pile of books, and a joint of bamboo filled with his divining-rods, he is to be found at more than one temple in most cities of any size. . . . There are several *uranaisha* at Inari. The photograph (second in the top row) shows one of them, in consultation with a woman of the peasant class, selecting

his divining-rods preparatory to instructing her, whilst her mother and brother stand by. The pair of *ishidoro* to which he has fastened his sign-banner are typical of the severity of the style of the stone lanterns at this temple." The author is an enthusiast on the charm and virtues of the Japanese woman, and on Japanese domestic life in general. "Owing to the nature of the mission that took me on my last journey to Japan--as a correspondent during the war with Russia--I had the great good fortune to see certain phases of the character of the women of Japan which, up to that time, the world had never suspected they possessed. For what I then saw I shall never see again. She was sagacious, strong, and self-reliant, yet gentle, compassionate, and sweet--a very ministering angel of forgiveness, tenderness, and mercy." Mr. Ponting's account of the *geisha* is quoted on another page of this number dealing specially with that subject.



## ALL-WEATHER PUTTING PRACTICE: CARPET GOLF IN A CLUB HOUSE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON NEWS" BY W. R. S. STOTT.



WITH CIRCULAR TINS FOR HOLES: LADY PLAYERS

Carpet golf is not only an excellent occupation to while away the time when the weather is too bad for even the enthusiastic player to enjoy a round, but is also a good test of accuracy on the putting green. Our artist has depicted a "carpet" putting course of eighteen holes laid out in the lounge of a club. Chalk lines indicate the tee for each hole, and the hole itself is a circular tin into which the ball must be played. Carpet golf is by no means easy, as the "green" is very fast, but it is quite good practice for the short game, as, in order to hole out, one must play an accurate shot. It is not possible to



USING THE "LOUNGE" COURSE ON A WET DAY.

trickle into one of the circular tin holes with a lucky putt, as one sometimes manages to do on a grass green. The ball must go straight for the hole all the time. The chief charm of the game, however, is that it provides a social pastime on a wet day when the club house is full of people hopefully waiting for the rain to pass over sufficiently to make a round of golf a pleasure, and not two-and-a-half hours of misery. There seems to be no reason why it should not become a popular indoor amusement.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



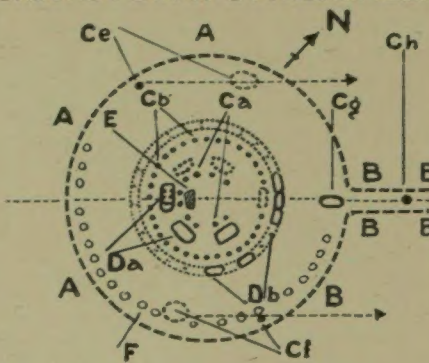
# WAS STONEHENGE A MEGALITHIC EPSOM AND ROYAL EXCHANGE?

GROUND PLAN SUPPLIED BY MR. ALFRED E. LEE. PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO.

RECENT excavations at Stonehenge have brought to light new evidence and raised new problems. The author of two articles in the "Times" on the Mystery of Stonehenge mentioned that 23 holes in the ground, forming a semi-circle half round the group of large stones, and previously known as the Aubrey Holes (from Aubrey's plan of 1666), were re-discovered last summer and found to contain cremated human remains. The writer contended that the "foreign" stones (i.e., not of local origin) that exist there once stood at these points of the outer semi-circle, and belonged to an earlier temple, but were removed by the later builders of the trilithons to within their new inner circle, the occasion being marked by human sacrifices. Other recent discoveries include flints, pottery, beads, and bronze ornaments. The same writer inferred from this that Stonehenge was used as a commercial centre for the barter of goods. He also holds that on the adjacent Cursus (near the tumulus seen in the right background of our photograph) chariot races took place. In short, according to his theory, Stonehenge was, as it

(Continued opposite.)

## GROUND PLAN OF STONEHENGE.

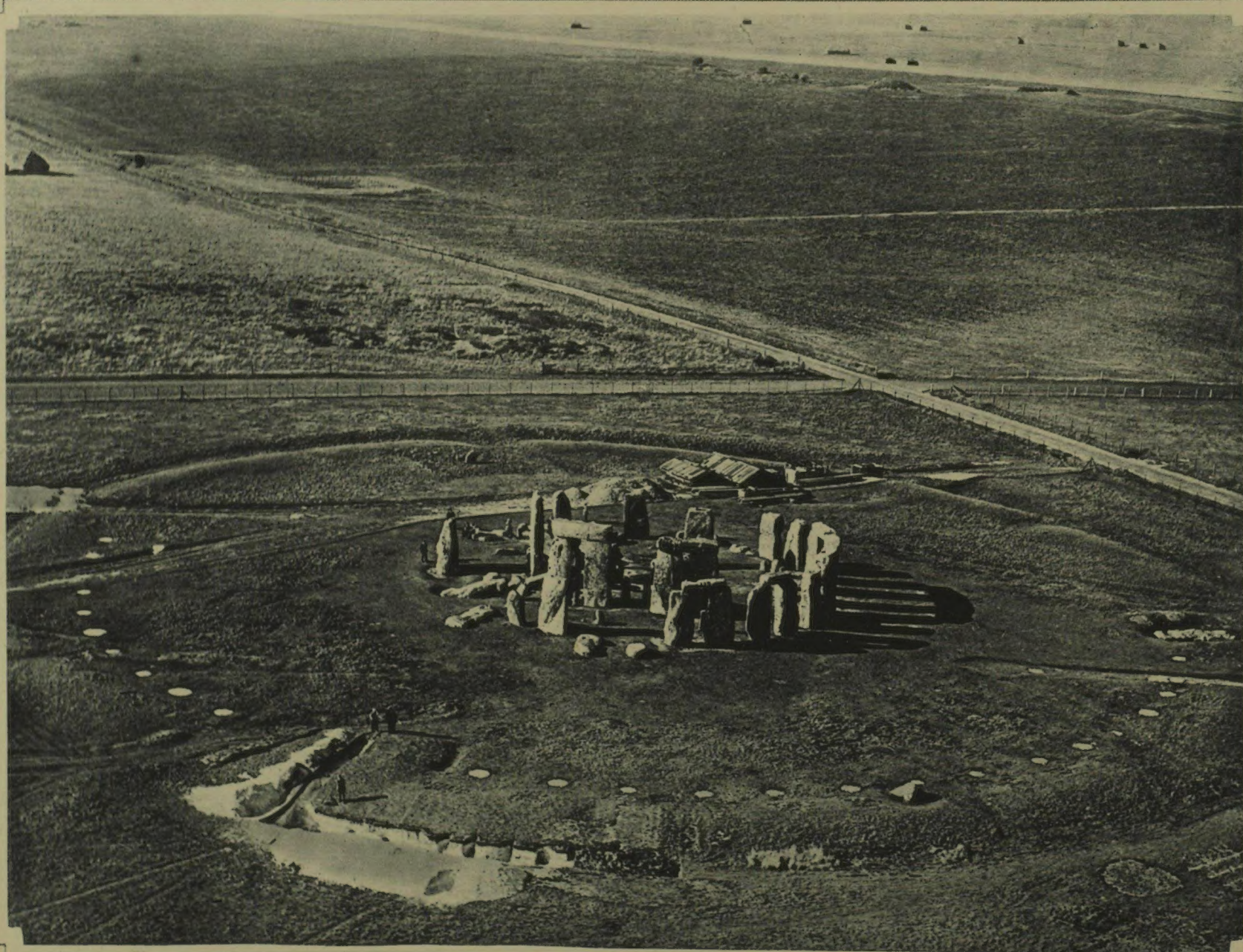
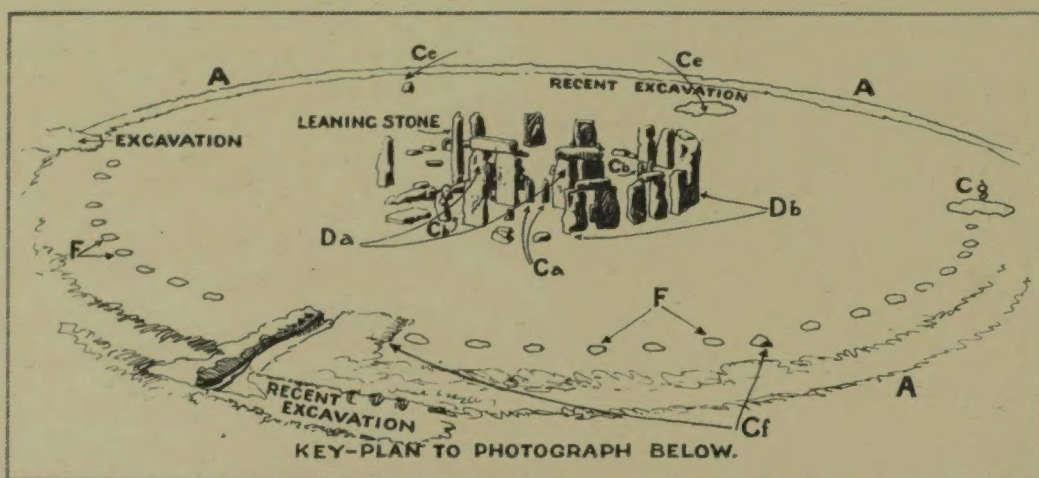


were, a kind of prehistoric Westminster Abbey, Royal Exchange, and Epsom racecourse, all in close proximity. These conclusions, however, have been contested by other authorities, among them Mr. Alfred E. Lee, who has supplied us with the above ground-plan of Stonehenge (restored), and the explanatory notes (referring to the letters on the plan) given below. "I am inclined to the view," Mr. Lee writes, "that the existing 'foreign' stones are *in situ*, and that other stones have been removed from the depressions at a later date and possibly destroyed. . . . As to the avenue leading from the temple to the Cursus, there is strong evidence of a religious purpose. It is fairly

accurately orientated, not only with the axis of the temple, but also with Sidbury Hill at a distance of eight miles.

Is there any evidence of the use of the Cursus as a racecourse other than that derived from its present name, always a deceptive argument?" Mr. Lee's notes, explaining the reference letters on the ground-plan and the key-plan to the photograph, are as follows: (A) Temenos Mound and Ditch (much degraded). (B) Avenue (Earth Mound),

(Continued below)



WITH A SEMI-CIRCLE OF WHITE PATCHES MARKING THE SITE OF RECENT EXCAVATIONS THAT HAVE RAISED NEW PROBLEMS AS TO ITS ORIGIN AND USE: STONEHENGE—ENGLAND'S GREAT MEGALITHIC MONUMENT—AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE (KEY-PLAN ABOVE).

(Continued.)

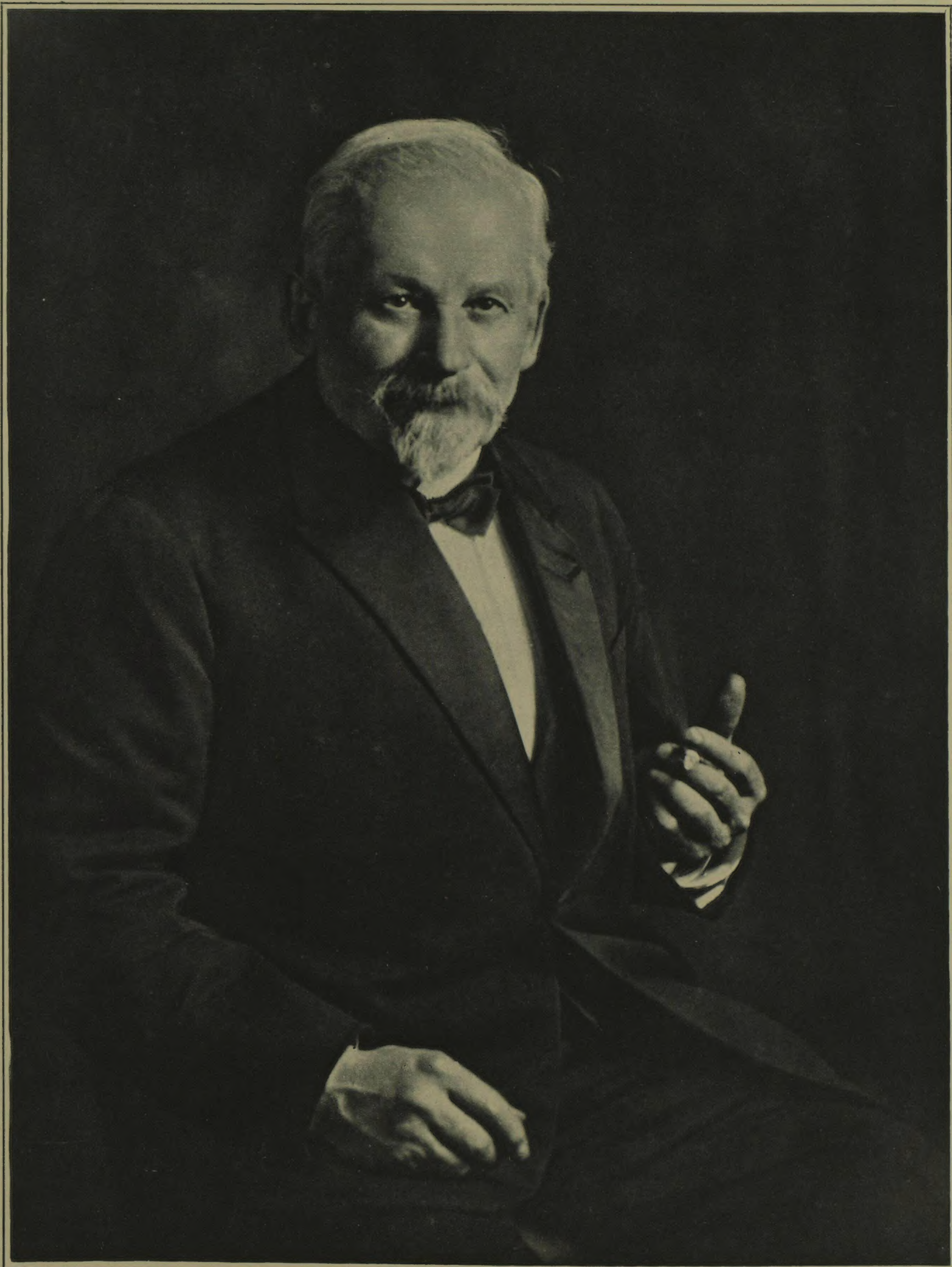
formerly traceable for some two miles. Parallel with axis of temple and with direction of the Sidbury Hill, near Tidworth, and with Azimuth of June Sunrise (longest day). 1700 B.C. approximately. (Axes coloured red with arrows.) (Ca) Stones of older Naos or Horseshoe. (Cb) Older Circle. (Ce) and (Cf) N.W. and S.E. outlying stone and mound systems. (Cg) Prone stone (fallen) on axis. (Ch) "Friar's Heel" standing (beyond the limit of photograph). Note.—The stones of the older temple are of igneous rock brought from a great distance, and are small. The axis of the older temple does not coincide with that of the newer. (Da) The five trilithons (two uprights and a capping stone) of the Newer Naos. Two are still standing, and the *quondam* leaning-stone is one of the uprights of a third trilithon. It is the tallest stone of the circle, and was raised

to an upright position recently. A well-marked tenon on the top (see photograph) shows where it locked into the capping stone. Another upright is also standing. (Db) The Newer Circle of upright stones, with (originally) continuous capping stones. Some of them which have lost their capping stones show the tenons plainly in the photograph. (E) The so-called "Slaughter Stone," of different material from any of the other stones. Probably originally prone. (Sometimes the stone Cg has been called the Slaughter Stone, I believe.) (F) Bare places which became apparent during the drought of last year, and which appear to mark the spots from which stones were removed for building purposes a few centuries ago. The stones of the newer structure (Da and Db) are 'Sarsen' stones, found locally. They are much larger than those of the older temple, and carefully trimmed."



## A NEW FORCE IN PSYCHO-THERAPY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKLEM, 16, BROOK STREET, W.



WITH THE INEVITABLE CIGARETTE: M. EMILE COUÉ, THE FAMOUS APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION, WHOSE LECTURES IN LONDON HAVE AROUSED INTENSE INTEREST—A STUDIO PORTRAIT.

By this time our readers are familiar with the principles and results of M. Coué's teaching, from the illustrated accounts of his visit to London and of his work at his home at Nancy, given in recent issues of this paper. Hitherto, however, a good studio portrait of the famous "Apostle of Auto-Suggestion" has not been available, and the one here given will doubtless be welcomed by his numerous devotees. Before leaving London on April 6 to return home to Nancy, M. Coué gave an address to 250 blind ex-Service men at St. Dunstan's, and also visited Birmingham. He hopes to come to London again next November. Meantime,

expert advice on his methods can be obtained at the Institute for the Practice of Auto-Suggestion at 20, Grosvenor Gardens. Like all who achieve great popular success, M. Coué has not been immune from criticism. Thus Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader in Mental Philosophy at Oxford, disputing his axiom that imagination always conquers will, writes: "The conflict is not between completed will and imagination, but between the suggestion of failure brought along by the incomplete will of the weakling, and the imagined result suggested by desire. It is a conflict of two suggestions, one of which is reinforced by fear, and which therefore wins."



## Christian History in Coins and Medals.

By GEORGE F. HILL, M.A., KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COINS AND MEDALS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THERE are few relics of antiquity that throw more light than coins on the external history of religious cults, but we must, for lack of space, limit ourselves in these notes to Christianity. The first faint sign of Christian influence on the coinage of the Roman Empire dates from the year 314 A.D., when some Christian mint official engraved a small cross in the field of the dies with which his coins were struck at the mint of Ticinum, the modern Pavia (FIG. 1; opposite page). By degrees Christian symbols became common on the coins. Particularly interesting is a coin issued immediately after the Council of Nicaea in 326 A.D., showing a standard, surmounted by the Christian monogram, transfixing the serpent of heresy (FIG. 2); the serpent is unfortunately half-obliterated by wear. The Chi-Rho monogram by itself forms the type of a coin of the Cæsar Decentius in 350 A.D. (as in the coin struck at Treves illustrated in FIG. 3). The simple cross does not appear as an independent type (FIG. 4) until Tiberius II. (578-582 A.D.). The bust of Christ is first seen

decorative design based on the cross, it is most commonly a saint.

Our "angel," the gold coin introduced by Edward IV., took its name, as is well known, from its type of St. Michael slaying the dragon (FIG. 8); the "salute" of Henry VI., struck for his dominions across the Channel, was named from its type of the angelic salutation, combined so quaintly with the two shields of France and England, as in the specimen struck at St. Lô and shown in FIG. 10. A more usual, yet very pretty Annunciation group is seen on the late thirteenth-century coins of Naples (FIG. 9). St. George, curiously enough, is scarce on English coins before Pistrucci introduced him on the sovereign; he is seen, however, on the short-lived noble of Henry VIII., first coined in 1526 (FIG. 12). Saints, in fact, are comparatively rare on English coins. On the Continent, however, especially in Germany and Italy, where innumerable local mints flourished in provincial cities and small states, patron saints are all the fashion as coin-types. St. Peter and

page. This emerald is described in the inscription on the back of the medal as bearing also the portrait of St. Paul; in fact, the inscription reads in such a way that you would expect to find a bust of St. Paul side by side with that of Christ, instead of only the latter, on the obverse of the medal. It is doubtful whether a corresponding medal with the head of St. Paul was made at the same time; but there are early reproductions, probably not much later than 1500, which show the two heads, one on each side, and omit the inscription which professes to explain their origin. The present writer is inclined to think that the bust of Christ is copied from a painted design—which may have been or pretended to be a copy of the emerald—of which an example is seen in a well-known Flemish panel of the end of the fifteenth century at Berlin. Others think that the panel is copied from the medal. In any case, there is no trace of Byzantine style in either medal or picture. The medal was popular, and went through many versions. (The subject is so complicated



SAID TO HAVE BEEN COPIED FROM AN ENGRAVED EMERALD SENT BY THE GRAND TURK TO POPE INNOCENT VIII. ABOUT 1489: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE MEDAL (33·8-IN. IN DIAMETER)—OBSERVE, A PORTRAIT OF CHRIST; REVERSE, A LATIN INSCRIPTION.

The head of Christ on the obverse of this medal, as Mr. Hill explains below in his article, is said to have been copied from a Byzantine engraving on an emerald presented to Pope Innocent VIII. by Sultan Bajazet, about the year 1489. The Latin inscription on the reverse of the medal describes the emerald, which bore also a portrait of St. Paul, and implies that the obverse of the medal also contained a bust of St. Paul side by side with that of Christ. Mr. Hill mentions early reproductions (dating from about 1500 A.D.) of a medal bearing the two heads, one on each side, and omitting the inscription. He considers that the bust of Christ was really copied from a painting of the emerald, as seen in a fifteenth-century Flemish panel at Berlin, and he finds no trace of Byzantine style in either the medal or the picture. The whole subject, which is complex and controversial, is fully discussed in his well-known work, "Medallic Portraits of Christ," published at Oxford in 1920.—[By Courtesy of Mr. George F. Hill, M.A., Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum.]

(FIG. 5) on coins of Justinian II. (685-695 A.D.). It is of the type which was probably then already traditional; we need not go into the vexed question of how far the tradition approximated to the reality. During the reign of the iconoclastic emperors, all figure types were, of course, banned; but after the close of this period the bust reappears under Michael the Drunkard (842-867 A.D.). As to the Virgin, it was Leo VI. (886-912 A.D.) who introduced her figure to the coinage; and a very stately figure it is that we see on some of the later coins, as under Constantine IX. and Romanus IV. in the eleventh century (FIG. 7). Saints are not shown on Byzantine coins before the twelfth century, but as early as the ninth we find St. Peter's head on the coins of the Popes (FIG. 6), a phenomenon fully explained by his importance as the traditional founder of the See of Rome. Generally speaking, during the Middle Ages, when the type of the coins is not a head of a ruler, or some

St. Paul are naturally made much of at Rome (FIG. 11, a ducat of Innocent VIII., with St. Peter as Fisherman); St. John the Baptist at Florence (FIG. 14, of Francesco I., Grand Duke, 1574-87); St. Petronius at Bologna, or St. Ambrose at Milan.

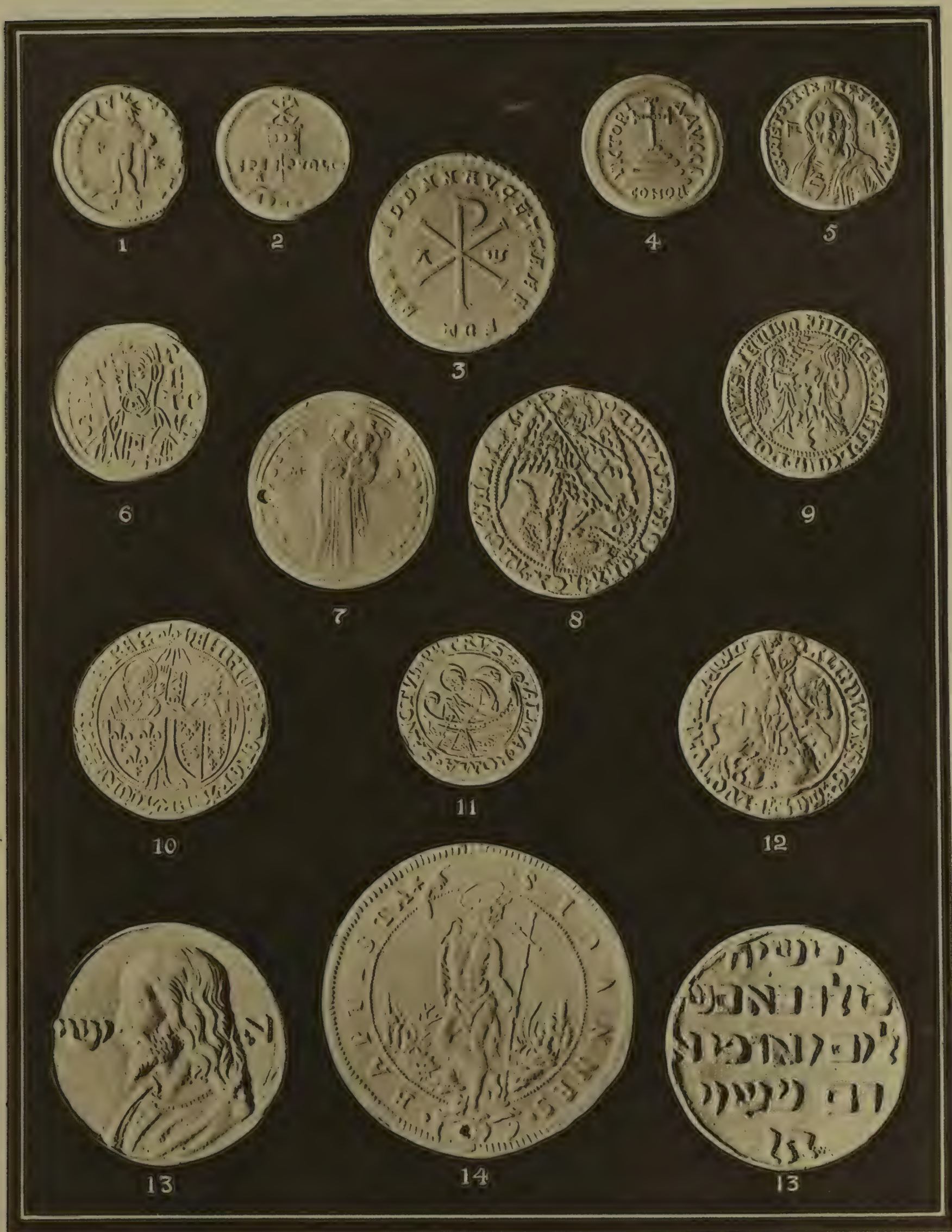
It was only to be expected that the personal medal, which was invented, in its modern form, early in the fifteenth century, should be made a vehicle for religious representations. About the middle of that century, Matteo de' Pasti, a Veronese medallist, made a medal of Christ, embodying his rendering of the traditional description. But his version never became very popular. On the other hand, towards the end of the century, some ingenious person made a medal with a head of Christ professing to be copied from a Byzantine engraving on emerald, which the Sultan Bajazet had sent to the Pope Innocent VIII. as a diplomatic present about 1489. A specimen is illustrated on this

that the writer may be forgiven for referring the curious in such matters to his "Medallic Portraits of Christ," Oxford, 1920.) But it was to be ousted from favour by a still more popular medal in the sixteenth century. Somewhat remotely derived from the type immortalised by Leonardo da Vinci, it first appeared about the middle of the century. It was accompanied by an inscription in modern Hebrew letters, the sense of which has greatly exercised learned men, but is most probably: "Jesus Christ, the King, came in peace, and God became man" (FIG. 13). This medal has been reproduced in immense numbers down to the present day, under the false impression that it is a very early, if not contemporary, portrait of Christ. Quite apart from its workmanship, the modern Hebrew lettering is enough to disprove such an origin; but the error appears to be so deeply rooted that no amount of contradiction will avail to destroy it.



## SYMBOLIC CHURCH COINAGE—FROM THE 4TH TO THE 16TH CENTURY.

BY COURTESY OF MR. GEORGE F. HILL, KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF COINS AND MEDALS, BRITISH MUSEUM.



## FROM THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE CROSS ON A 4TH CENTURY ROMAN COIN TO 16TH CENTURY PORTRAITS OF CHRIST AND JOHN THE BAPTIST: THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM IN MEDALLIC ART.

The growth of Christian influence on coinage and medallic art is traced in the article on the opposite page, by Mr. George F. Hill, of the British Museum, a leading authority on the subject, who has enabled us to reproduce a number of the most interesting examples. It should be noted that the above reproductions on this page are enlarged to nearly three times the size of the actual medals, in order to show the detail more clearly. They are more fully described in Mr. Hill's article, according to their reference numbers, and are as follows: (1) The first appearance of the Cross on a Roman coin of 314 A.D.; (2) A Christian standard transfixing the serpent of heresy, 326 A.D., just after the Council of

Nicea; (3) A Christian monogram, 350 A.D.; (4) The Cross as an independent symbol, about 580 A.D.; (5) The first bust of Christ—a coin of Justinian II. (685 to 695 A.D.); (6) St. Peter—a coin of Pope John VIII. (872-82 A.D.); (7) The Virgin and Child (1067-71 A.D.); (8) St. Michael slaying the Dragon—an "angel" of Edward IV.; (9) The Annunciation—a coin of Charles II. of Anjou (1285-1309 A.D.); (10) The Annunciation—a "salute" of Henry VI.; (11) St. Peter—a ducat of Innocent VIII. (1484-92 A.D.); (12) St. George and the Dragon—a "noble" of Henry VIII.; (13) A sixteenth-century medal of Christ (obverse) with Hebrew inscription (reverse); (14) St. John Baptist—a Florentine "scudo" (1579).



## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

FROM the domestic novel to Horace may seem a far cry, but a line or two of the Roman poet's kept humming in my ears during the reading of some fiction of the very latest brand. The Horatian tag was that where the pleasant Worldly Wiseman of the Augustan age speaks of the little twist of novelty that wins acceptance for new and recently coined words, if they flow from an old source; and what he says of words can be equally true of themes. A good many novelists have shown lately that they know how to apply this method to the story of home life.

Even in an age when the ancient domesticities are a trifle out of fashion, and when family affection is considered fair game for the enlightened scoffer, these writers have contrived to reconcile present-day disdain of sentimentality with a household tale that can be "modern," critical, quietly satirical, and without being cynical. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, Mr. Archibald Marshall, Mr. Douglas Newton and Miss E. C. B. Jones, to name no others, have all proved their skill in the particular kind of post-war domestic story I have in mind; and now, from another hand, we have another domestic interior which carries the new method a little further, and achieves a quality of serious gaiety or gay seriousness of treatment that no former work has quite attained.

The writer is, needless to say, a woman, one of a little sisterhood whose work is lifting fiction to a new plane of excellence and individuality. They are the heralds of a hopeful progress. Only a woman could have written a book so sparkling with flashes of insight into minute details hidden from the dull eye of man. She keeps the mere male creature in a perpetual ripple of amazement, and teaches him a becoming humility, as he reads and realises how much underplay there is in family life that he, poor bat, has never noticed, and never would notice, even if he borrowed the hundred eyes of Argus. But two eyes suffice this woman for her observation. She blazes it all into a single sentence at the close of a passage describing the uses of the various rooms and their appropriation to owners or joint-owners. Lastly she comes to the mother. "Mrs. Maxwell, of course, had the whole house." This stroke is little short of apocalyptic!

The writer has a fair share of the "hard as nails" quality of the twentieth-century woman, and her young girls know their way about and do not suffer from the mealy mouth. There is nothing at all ideal in this picture of a middle-class household, but, by the magic of her own unfailing humanity, the novelist evades destructive realism. On nearly every page she gives something or someone a shrewd knock in the downright fashion of social intercourse as we know it in the young world of to-day, but all without iconoclasm, so suavely does she temper her criticism of life with a dancing humour.

Too often the novel designed to expose the faults and foibles of established usage sets up such uplovely characters in order to make out a case that the reader feels he has been forced into bad or distasteful company. Here in the Maxwell family and its connections nobody is revolting. At the same time nobody is particularly estimable, but we like them all. They are just average human beings like ourselves, "like Dame Goose's lad, not very good nor yet very bad." If they are all stripped, they stand stripping rather well, and the result would not lead any reader to conclude that the family, as an institution, must be destroyed. Although the author is of this new age new, her touch is not searing. Her work vindicates the wholesomeness that underlies the

changed young world's plain speech and plain dealing. If there be a hint of fierceness in the method, it is sweetly ferocious; like the cock in Tasso—*dolcemente feroce*.

This is not a review. Formal reviews are officially debarred from this page, and that is fortunate, as it prevents any villainous attempt to retell the story in brief and so take all the savour out of it for intending readers. This



A MILITARY SKIRT AS "SOFT" ARMOUR: A RARE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN WAFFENROCK.

Ancient armour was not entirely of metal: much consisted of cushioned fabrics, but few have been preserved. "This skirt," says the "Bulletin" of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, "belonged originally to the Waffenkammer of the Dukes of Saxony. It is quite heavy (4½ lb.), ¾-inch or more thick, and compactly padded with flax. Its heavy pleatings are designed to deaden and stop a blow, yet to impede as little as possible the movements of the wearer. The present specimen is of princely quality, richly woven in gold thread in an embossed pattern on a warp of blue silk.

The skirt is 21 in. long. The front shows 20 pleatings.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



WITH A WAIST OF ONLY 23 INCHES: THE BACK OF THE OLD GERMAN MILITARY SKIRT SHOWN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH.

"The back of the skirt brings together two elements, right and left, each flat, carefully quilted, and 2 ft. wide at the lower border. The waist-line is remarkably small, hardly 23 in., bringing to mind the slender-waisted knights of Maximilian's Court." It is the only well-preserved Waffenrock other than five specimens in the Dresden Johanneum. The lining is intact, even to the tapes which held together the "accordion" pleating and attached it to the wearer.

By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

beneficent decree leaves one at liberty to note another point where the able novelist gives a new twist to very old material, the last material you would expect to find in so up-to-date a morality. For it is nothing more nor less than a situation that might have come out of "Eric" or "St. Winifred's." It is some time since Stalky gave Dean Farrar's stories notice to quit in a rude phrase, "beastly Ericking," and so registered a later reaction; but that schoolboy crudity was at the best but an elementary exposure, likely to fail by its very bluntness. Here, however, there is no direct reference; in all probability the author had no thought of a Farrar school-story in her mind when she introduced a school-boy guilty of

theft, and carried the affair through to a conclusion that would scarcely have satisfied the Dean, for it involved a second immorality and left the culprit unshriven. The episode is significant of changed times. As far as the ethical upshot is concerned, we may concede the honours to the older moralist. In the conduct of the affair, however, until just the end, the newer moralist has the advantage in cool, firm handling, and an entire absence of mawkishness. In intensity of situation, too, the newer method wins hands down because of its very healthiness. The author, be it noted in fairness, was not obliged to bring this incident out on the right side ethically. Her people are neither saints nor heroes, and, but for the moral fumbling of the characters concerned, the story would have come to a full stop, and we should have lost the equally interesting later development, a thing strangely detached yet not irrelevant.

These do not exhaust the drops of old wine in this new bottle. Here again a leading character is a thing inanimate, whence the title of the book. And one character, in his rhapsodic bombast about the lure of wild places, carries on in more amusing strain a philandering trick of sentimentality played by a lover in "The Mollusc." But enough has been said to pique the reader's curiosity about a novel of exceptional quality and one most enjoyable, both for its matter and its manner. It is "THE ROOM" (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.), and the author is G. B. Stern.

One word more to bring in another book that may seem to have no connection with "The Room," and yet has certain close affinities. For Miss Stern (in private life, Mrs. Geoffrey Holdsworth) takes as a further thread in her delightful web the expression of personality in dress and in house-decoration. She goes even deeper, and touches on the desire of poor mortals for an individual and sacred retreat *per se* (as in Tennyson's "O darling room, my heart's delight"), to which decoration is an accessory, necessary but secondary, and yet by consequence the completion of self-expression. The philosophy of this human impulse is elaborately discussed in "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS" (Batsford; 3os.), by Mr. Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. The author does not keep exclusively to dress, but touches incidentally on expression in domestic architecture from the Middle Ages down to the twentieth century. His book is most informative and readable, although it lapses sometimes into the American language, and perhaps it should rather have been called "The Psychology of Fashion," which seems to fit the subject and the not very profound philosophy better. The volume, a goodly one, contains 145 illustrations, and is "dedicated to American and other ladies who are interested in cause and effect in

dress." Men as well as women will find it worth taking up, and readers of G. B. Stern's novel may discover some fresh light on the motives for Aunt Lavvy's impeccable exquisiteness, Mrs. Maxwell's hopeless untidiness, and the quasi-heroic Doug's backwoods disguise. They may also see further into the reasons why Ursula and Aunt Lavvy contended for possession of the Room, and what subtleties of mind underlay their separate schemes of decoration. Thus does one book, even the seemingly alien, act as expositor to another, and if life were only long enough one might at length unify all one's little store of knowledge, and understand better how new things and old perpetually modify and illustrate each other.



## THIRTY YARDS OF "TROUSERS": THE ALBANIAN SUBSTITUTE FOR SKIRTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. FRANKL.



SHOWING THE ENORMOUS LENGTH OF AN ALBANIAN WOMAN'S "TROUSERS": TWO WOMEN DISPLAYING A PAIR FULLY EXTENDED—  
(INSET) THE "TROUSERS" AS THEY APPEAR WHEN WORN.



CONTAINING IN ALL 90 FT. OF CLOTH 4 FT. WIDE: HOLDING UP THE FOLDS OF A PAIR OF "TROUSERS" AS WORN BY AN ALBANIAN WOMAN,  
EACH SIDE 45 FT. LONG.

An interesting contrast in nether garments is afforded by comparing these feminine Albanian "trousers" with the sixteenth-century German military skirt illustrated on the opposite page. The sender of the above photographs writes: "An Albanian woman takes a pride in wearing trousers as voluminous as possible. The richer the woman, the more extensive the trousers, and it is not at all uncommon to see women wearing trousers made of 90 ft. or more of cloth. In the Balkans, where mountains have to be climbed, and women are shepherds of goats and cattle, trousers are a necessity; but in Albania, especially

at Scutari, the wearing by women of enormously long trousers is an old custom of the place, which for hundreds of years was part of the Turkish Empire. When an Albanian girl is to be married, all her relatives contribute to provide her with such trousers, as well as the full costume of an Albanian woman, with caps adorned with gold and pearls, and other gold ornaments. The complete dress weighs over 60 lb. No wonder that quick steps are impossible, and the women waddle along with sprawling gait. When at home, they sit in a cross-legged position."



# SUMMER SPORTS IN SPRING ON THE RIVIERA: A DISUSED DOCK AS AN OPEN-AIR SWIMMING-BATH.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"SWIMMING RACES ARE THE ORDER OF THE DAY": A SUMMER-LIKE

While an English spring, as we have recently experienced, brings cold winds, sleet, and snow-storms, the favoured Riviera basks in sunshine, and summer sports can be enjoyed. Our illustration shows a case in point. "The old and now disused dry dock at Villefranche," writes the artist in a note on his drawing, "is occasionally the scene of great excitement and enthusiasm. Swimming races are the order of the day, arranged both for women and men. The dock is in a most picturesque corner of the harbour, and is within easy access of Nice, Monte Carlo, and Beaulieu." Villefranche itself is a very ancient and



OCCASION AT VILLEFRANCHE, IN A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF THE HARBOUR.

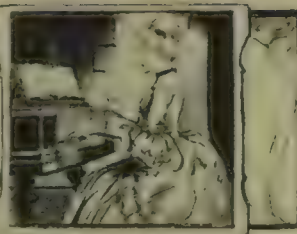
old-fashioned town. Describing it in his well-known book, "The Riviera of the Corniche Road," Sir Frederick Treves says: "There are boats everywhere, not only in the harbour and on the quay, but up the streets, where they are being patched and hammered at. The quay is carpeted with nets, and among them old women in straw hats are sitting on low chairs repairing broken strands. Ducks are wandering about, and against any support that is solid enough a thoughtful mariner is leaning."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]





# THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

By W. J. TURNER.



## SONGS AND SINGERS.

THE return to this country, for a series of recitals, of Madame Elena Gerhardt has been greeted by all music-lovers with even more satisfaction than the visit of Fritz Kreisler. There may be only one Kreisler, but, although there is no other violinist with exactly his combination of extraordinary technique, high musical intelligence, fine taste and gipsyish ardour, yet during the last two years we have been visited by several violinists who in their different ways are as great as Kreisler. I do not include Mischa Elman among these, remarkable as he is, but Toscha Seidel, Thibaud, and Jascha Heifetz need fear no comparison with Kreisler, and Heifetz is in some respects his superior.

Elena Gerhardt, however, is an isolated phenomenon. We have certainly had an opportunity of hearing Chaliapin on the concert platform, but, great artist as he is, there is no denying that opera is his rightful sphere. He is even more of an actor and a personality than a singer, and although I, among others, was surprised to find how far he exceeded our anticipations as a concert singer, it must be admitted that he mesmerises his audience by his amazing histrionic gifts, and that sometimes his singing, considered in cold blood as one would listen to violin-playing, is, as singing, inferior to his dramatic and imaginative power.

Elena Gerhardt, on the contrary, is the pure singer. This does not mean that she is, as Melba used to be, the possessor of a voice of wonder-

unremitting hard work before they can hope to attain anything approaching the perfection of such instrumentalists as Kreisler, Thibaud, or Madame Suggia.

Yet to some such standard a singer must attain before he or she has any right to be treated

of beautiful songs by Purcell, Reimann, and Handel. Among these she included one of the finest songs ever written—an English song, mark you, worthy to be put alongside the best songs of Schubert—namely, Purcell's "An Evening Hymn." She sang with considerable distinction; but even Miss Dorothy Silk has a long way to go before attaining to the standard set by Elena Gerhardt. The question is not whether Miss Silk will ever become as great a singer as Madame Gerhardt, but whether, in view of the low standard of singing in this country, and the immense popularity of singers unworthy of the name of musicians or artists, she will ever get the encouragement to proceed tirelessly in her endeavours to perfect herself.

One of the most valuable functions that singers so world-renowned as Madame Gerhardt perform in coming to this country and giving recitals, is in educating the public and raising its standard. No one, surely—at least, I like to think so—can, after hearing Gerhardt, go back to and tolerate the sort of singing we are accustomed to hear at the Queen's Hall—to say nothing of our other halls—and our suburban and provincial concerts. Unfortunately, the Queen's Hall does not hold many people, and a couple of recitals from Madame Gerhardt after eight years' absence are all too few for our pleasure, quite apart from their educational influence. It is therefore welcome news that she is returning to London to give at the Queen's Hall an all-Brahms programme on



A FINE AFRICAN TENOR: MR. ROLAND HAYES.

Mr. Hayes gave a concert at the Wigmore Hall the other day, assisted by the London Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Anthony Bernard. Mr. Hayes has appeared by command at Buckingham Palace.

seriously by other musicians. In this country, almost any kind of crude vocal noise-making is accepted as "singing," even by audiences who would not for one moment accept from instrumentalists playing of a similar calibre. But we have a right to expect from a singer the same technical proficiency as we have learned to ask from a violinist, and the singer who has any real artistic instinct will never rest until that has been attained.

Take Miss Dorothy Silk, for instance. Here we have an English singer who really takes her work seriously. She has already had a quiet success among the small genuinely musical public; and, for all I know, may be as well known as she deserves to be by that larger public which, according to many concert-givers, cannot distinguish a loud vocal noise, an arch smile, and a big hat, in a sentimental ballad, from singing. Miss Dorothy Silk recently sang at a concert—where Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse played the harpsichord—a number



SINGER AND DRESS-DESIGNER: GRACE CRAWFORD (MRS. C. LOVAT FRASER).

Mrs. C. Lovat Fraser is the widow of the late Claud Lovat Fraser. She is well known as a singer of modern songs, under the name of Grace Crawford. She also designs costumes for the stage; her last effort in that direction being those for the Russian Ballet now appearing at Covent Garden.

Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.

ful purity exquisitely controlled, absolutely even from top to bottom, and practically nothing more. Her natural voice is probably not so remarkable as Melba's was; but it is beautiful, and her breath-control and evenness of tone are wonderful. These qualities, however, are supplemented by a musical intelligence of the highest kind. One recognises at once that Elena Gerhardt is what so few singers are—a real musician, and a musician who for many years has lived and breathed in an atmosphere of the highest musical culture in Europe.

This is the point that our own singers do not sufficiently recognise. They all want to "arrive" too early. It is not altogether their own fault, they have to live, and to live it is essential to obtain some preliminary success in your art. This success means popular success, except for those rare self-sacrificing or fortunate individuals who can live on a small *succès d'estime* among the few, the very few, who can appreciate real artistic qualities in the early stages of their development. But even those who have deserved and won a *succès d'estime* do not always realise that it is merely the beginning of their possibilities as artists, that it will take many, many years of



NOW APPEARING IN STRAVINSKY'S "RAG-TIME," AT COVENT GARDEN: LYDIA LOPOKOVA.

In spite of Stravinsky, his "Rag-Time" was played at Covent Garden. He opposed it on the grounds that the music was not suitable for a ballet, but only for a concert hall. Massine and Lopokova appeared in it, and parodied the grotesque attitudes of some of the modern dances to perfection.

Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.



TO GIVE A SEASON OF FRENCH PLAYS AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE SHORTLY: SACHA GUITRY, YVONNE PRINTEMPS, AND LUCIEN GUITRY.

It is indeed good news that the Guitrys and Yvonne Printemps, who is Mme. Sacha Guitry, will give a season of French plays at the Prince's Theatre. Their last appearance in London was at the Aldwych in 1920.—[Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.]

Thursday, May 11, and an all-Wolf programme on Thursday, May 18.

But her recital on March 30, when she gave an all-Schubert programme, in commemoration of Schubert's 125th birthday on January 31, 1922, and these two recitals to come in May represent London's only opportunity during eight years to hear the songs of three of the world's greatest song-writers. Imagine if we could hear only once in eight years a Beethoven or a Brahms symphony! What chance is there of educating the generation just arriving at the ages of from seventeen to twenty-five, if only once in eight years they can hear the best songs sung by a singer who is really a great artist? Schubert wrote more than five hundred songs. Of these Madame Gerhardt, at her all-Schubert recital, sang eighteen. Of these eighteen at least half-a-dozen were totally unfamiliar to ninety per cent. of her audience. Possibly nobody there had ever heard the "Schwanengesang" before. Such is the way in which the world's masterpieces, the most precious treasures of the human spirit, are neglected! But there is one thing certain: no one who heard the "Schwanengesang" on Thursday evening, the 30th of March, will ever forget it.



## FORKING THE OCTOPUS: NIGHT FISHING IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

FROM A PAINTING BY CECIL KING.



WITH AN ACETYLENE LAMP IN THE BOWS TO LOCATE THEIR PREY: NEAPOLITAN FISHERMEN SPEARING OCTOPUS.

"In some parts of Europe," writes Mr. Cecil King apropos his illustration, "the tentacles of the octopus and the squid are greatly esteemed as articles of diet. In the Bay of Naples, in particular, it is a common sight at night to see the fishermen spearing these creatures by the light of a lantern, the shallow waters off the Carraciolo front at Naples affording a good hunting-ground. The light serves to reveal their prey to the fishermen through the clear water, the fish-spear being a long fork not unlike that used in the eel-fishery. Formerly the light

consisted of a wire basket hung on the bow and filled with burning twigs—a sort of 'cresset,' in fact; but of late years this has given way to a powerful lamp—usually acetylene. In fishing by day, the difficulty of seeing through the water (owing to surface disturbance) is overcome by looking down a metal drum with a glass window at the bottom." A similar method of spearing bass off the Riviera coast, by the light of a "cresset" such as Mr. King describes, was illustrated in our issue of March 25.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



## EASTER IN SCOTLAND: SPRING FISHING IN THE SPEY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY NORMAN WILKINSON, O.B.E., R.O.I.



A THRILLING MOMENT IN ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING OF ALL SPORTS: PLAYING A GOOD FISH IN THE ALT DEARGH POOL.

The Easter Holiday summons many a sportsman northward to enjoy the delights of spring fishing in Scottish rivers. In a note on his picture, Mr. Norman Wilkinson writes: "The Alt Deargh pool shown in the drawing is one of the famous salmon pools of Scotland. The larger pools on the Spey are fished from

a boat controlled by a gillie by means of a rope, which is slowly eased away as the boat drops downstream. The water is thus fished more thoroughly and with far less disturbance than is the case where oars are used. On a fish being hooked, the boat is hauled ashore, the fisherman landing in order to play his fish."

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# The Best of the Book

## IN QUEST OF THE GIANT SABLE: A HUNTER IN ANGOLA.\*

COLONEL STATHAM is a hunter with a difference. Note-book and camera go with his deadlier equipment, and, on the whole, he would rather telephotograph than kill. A seeker of that newly-found antelope, the giant sable, he trusts that the story of his quest may induce any others who go in search of it to treat it with mercy and protect its future. He is an enthusiast who writes: "It is harder to stalk with a big camera than a rifle, for while one can sometimes allow a rifle-butt to trail behind on the ground when crawling on hand and knee, this cannot be done with a frail machine like a camera. My quarter-plate 'Reflex' had a length of only nine inches when closed, but when open with extended bellows and big lens mounted, was nearly three feet long. To open up the camera and adjust the lenses was the work of five or more minutes, and once the game was alarmed and moving . . . the stalking had to be done with open camera so as to be always ready for a picture. It was only after two hours' crawling, through sharp stubble and thorns in a torrid heat, and hiding behind every bit of cover, that I managed to take some twenty photographs of the herd. The bull had horns of about fifty-seven inches, a better head than three of those already shot; but I was content with his picture, a far better memento to a hunter of moderate means than a trophy which took two men to carry for weeks on the journey, and cost a fortune to bring to England and mount."

Yet photography was insufficient when it came to preparations. He judged it better to substitute

whole five months of the Angolan trip, my total bag was only eighteen, while in my last half-dozen hunting trips I had not killed fifty animals in all."

The shooting of a sable, however, *did* mean the destruction of certain other lives. Ticks of various kinds infested every specimen! The hunter recalls that one variety, which had a dorsal plate coloured with two quarterings of red and two of green, arranged alternately, bit his finger so effectively that it raised a painful lump which remained irritable for several months!

Many other insects were encountered also. They play a large and frequently evil part in the economic life of the country. Bees are a source of wealth, but mosquito and tsetse fly carry disease, and the destructive white "ant" is everywhere, building his mushroom-shaped and pillared ant-hills with iron-hard walls and unwillingly taking in such lodgers as ant-bears, rival ants, rats, and reptiles.

The worst ant, however, is the driver. "Fierce and strong-jawed, he moves in columns of such countless thousands as to drive everything from his path. And the 'drivers' cannot always be avoided; for, like most ants, they are sensitive to sunlight, and forage usually in the evening and at night, when their columns, inches wide but furlongs deep, may attack a village or a hunting camp if these come in their road or offer a prospect of food. . . . Native carriers, lying practically naked on the ground, were badly bitten; and though they shrieked with laughter at each other's bites and troubles at the time, had painful bodies and rueful faces the morning after. . . . As the soldier class of the driver ant has very powerful mandibles, their bites are very painful, and so deep that the ant's head has to be pulled out carefully to free the jaw from the wound."

In fact, the Colonel was kept busy with fauna. He describes 350 animals, from elephants to lions and hippos, wart-hogs to giraffes and pallahs, kudus and lechwes to leopard and Cape hunting-dog, ostrich to ant, gorilla and chimpanzee to shrikes and titmice, bee-eaters and crocodiles to mud-fish and tiger-fish.

All of which reminds one—and him—of strange pets: the chameleons Jimmy the First and Jimmy Secundus. Jimmy I. reigned for a fortnight, during which he swore regularly and took his diet of flies grudgingly. Then he abdicated and retired to the exile of the forest. Jimmy II. was tamed quickly; learned to hunt flies from his master's hat and hand; would sit up and beg; wore without over-much complaint a little set of grey woollen harness; and behaved in all ways as a good little chameleon should.

Then—a pet in Sierra Leone, not Angola—was Emily, the mantis, which almost answered to the name of Christopher, until found to be a lady!

It is a digression, but this "female of the species, more deadly than the male," calls for attention.

"Emily," the author remarks, "would attack anything up to her own size and weight—spiders, wasps, and even scorpions—but she especially loved flies, and I have seen her hold a fly in either arm, eating from each one in turn.

"She always liked her food alive, and while I discouraged this habit with moths and other harmless insects, she was allowed her way with flies. Though she murdered three husbands, ate them in moments of passionate affection, yet she died doing her duty to the insect world." She left to posterity, and to the care of a natural history museum, an oval, gossamer nest and a family of many hundred eggs.

To return to game. Colonel Statham is insistent that the true hunter must do his own tracking. To employ someone else to do it is "the equivalent of letting the American guide, the Indian *shikari*, or the Scottish gillie direct the whole of the stalk. Not one of these things is true hunting."

"To examine grass and shrubs for signs of feeding, and know when game have fed; to study the animal you pursue, and gain a knowledge of the place you hunt in; to follow up a beast, track by track, over earth and stones, through grassy plain and leaf-filled forest,

and find the track where hidden under stone or blade or leaf; and then to bring your game to view—that is hunting!

"A fair head obtained like this is better far than a record met at hazard and shot at ease."

The lore of the hunter is indeed to be envied. "You may hear the animals before you see them—the rumbling of an elephant's stomach, or the flapping of his ears, the lowing of buffalo and blowing of hippo, the snort of the rhino and larger antelope, the grunt of lion or leopard, and the bark of the kudu and bush buck; you may actually smell them, if they are close or have recently passed by."

Thanks to Providence that Colonel Statham, war-weary and on leave, was able to return to African wilds; and that duty in Dublin enabled him to use the curfew hours of wait-



WEARING HIS HARNESS OF GREY WOOL: JIMMY II, THE CHAMELEON, SITTING ON HIS OWNER'S HAT.

From "Through Angola"; by Courtesy of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.



ENEMIES LODGING TOGETHER! AN ANT-BEAR BURROW IN AN ANT-HILL, THE HOME OF THE TERMITES CALLED WHITE ANTS.

From "Through Angola"; by Courtesy of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

for a print or two the actual skull of a giant sable, borrowed from a trader in Melanje. He had been told that his quarry was called "Sambakalogo" in the country of the Luimbe tribes, but the word was Greek to those of the district he was traversing, and it was only when he exhibited his "loan" that they recognised the animal he sought, calling it "Kolwah."

Then came difficulties of location. Maps were almost useless, "for, as villages are moved on the death of a chief and renamed after his successor, no map can keep up to date." The only way was to make a series of oblique traverses from the crocodile-infested Coanze to the Loando, and rely on compass-bearing and native information for direction.

The first sable was located on the day after the Colonel's arrival, on the stream called Rumolia; but it got away. Better fortune was to come. The big bull of a herd, acting as rearguard, courageously challenged the intruders. The hunter was tempted by his horns—fifty-nine inches long—and bagged him; with regret. He writes: "I hope the reader will not judge me a butcher. In the last six weeks I had killed only a dozen animals of all kinds—a number scarcely sufficient to supply our need in food; during the



THE MOST FEARED OF ANGOLAN ANTS: A COLUMN OF "DRIVERS"—INCHES WIDE, BUT FURLONGS DEEP—ON THE MARCH AND DRIVING EVERYTHING FROM THEIR PATH.

From "Through Angola"; by Courtesy of Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons.

\* "Through Angola." By Colonel J. C. B. Statham, C.M.G., C.B.E., Diplomat in Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of the University of Cambridge, Fellow of the Anthropological Institute, etc. With 138 illustrations, 2 maps, and 4 charts. (William Blackwood; 28s. net.)

ing and suspense to write this book of his adventures in a country which he claims could be a second Argentine, with other things thrown in. His record contains very many fascinating leaves from the book of knowledge of the hunter of big game, and a store of experience from which many will be glad to draw.—F. H. G.



## MARKET DAY IN MOROCCO: "INTENSE LIFE AND GORGEOUS COLOUR."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN MOROCCO.



"CAMELS MAJESTICALLY FORGING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWDS": A BLOCK IN THE TRAFFIC AT MARRAKESH.

"The great market place in the old Morocco city of Marrakesh," writes Mr. Forestier, "serves as a camping ground and public rendezvous of all the people. . . . In the narrow passages, more so, naturally, on market days, the crowds are densely packed, and such a mixture of people and animals is almost unimaginable. There is a perpetual hurry of men and boys pushing their donkeys, whole files of them, loaded with bulky packages—palmeto roots, huge yellow cucumbers, and the like—which cross each other incessantly when they do not suddenly come to a standstill for lack of room to go further. The

unfortunate visitors have at moments to flatten themselves against shop-fronts for fear of being crushed; and, to enliven the proceedings, one suddenly sees a couple or more of heavily laden camels majestically forging their way through the crowds, who, indeed, are sometimes hard put to it to find a way of escape. One is glad to find at last a side-lane to breathe freely once more, and watch in safety the picturesque spectacle of intense life and gorgeous colour which go far to compensate for the inconveniences of shopping in the suqs on market days."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# UNIQUE FOR MEDIÆVAL SCULPTURE: WELLS CATHEDRAL; ITS CLERGY.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CATHEDRAL BY FREDERICK H. EVANS; PORTRAITS BY DAWKES AND PARTRIDGE, GRAYSTONE BIRD, AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



"THE BISHOP'S EYE": A GATEWAY AT WELLS CATHEDRAL, "UNIQUE IN ITS PRESENTATION OF MEDIÆVAL SCULPTURE ON A LARGE SCALE."



REGISTRAR AND CHAPTER CLERK:  
MR. RICHARD HARRIS.



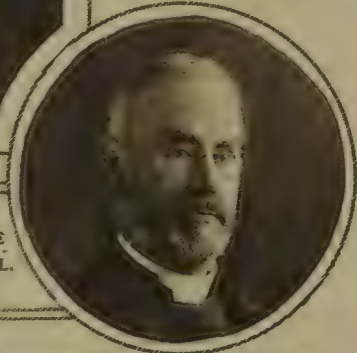
ARCHDEACON OF BATH: THE VEN. LANCELOT JOHN FISH, M.A.



CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE: THE WORSHIPFUL F. H. L. ERRINGTON, C.B.



TREASURER: THE REV. H. L. MAYNARD, M.A.



ARCHDEACON OF WELLS: THE VEN. WALTER FARRER.



CANON RESIDENTIARY AND PRECENTOR: THE REV. CANON THOMAS HENRY DAVIS, MUS.D.



CANON RESIDENTIARY AND CHANCELLOR OF THE CATHEDRAL: THE REV. CANON GEORGE ARTHUR HOLLIS.



CANON RESIDENTIARY OF WELLS: THE REV. CANON JOHN MARK ALCOCK, M.A.



THE DEAN OF WELLS: THE VERY REV. JOSEPH ARMITAGE ROBINSON, D.D.



"THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH REJOICES IN A MEDIÆVAL SETTING OF PALACE AND DEANERY AND VICARS' CLOSE": THE ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S PALACE.

The history of Wells Cathedral, the pride of Somerset, begins in Saxon times, and the first church there is said to have been founded in 704 by Ina, King of Wessex. His memory, by the way, was recently recalled in a very different connection, an old Statute of his time relating to the coercion of wives by their husbands, which it is now sought to repeal. The present cathedral of Wells is mainly of Early English architecture. A statement issued by the Dean says: "The Cathedral Church by the Wells of St. Andrew may have rivals in beauty,

but assuredly it has no superior. The imagery of its West Front, untouched by the hand of the restorer, is perhaps unique in its presentation of mediæval sculpture on a large scale: for in England it has no competitor; in France we can seldom be quite sure that what we see has not been repaired or renewed. Then, again, in addition to its own exquisiteness, the Cathedral Church rejoices in a mediæval setting of Palace and Deanery and Vicars' Close, which ring it round with the grace of the ages of faith and desire. The cost of maintaining this noble structure has

[Continued opposite.]



## A MOATED CATHEDRAL OF THE WEST: WELLS; AND ITS BISHOP.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CATHEDRAL BY FREDERICK H. EVANS; PORTRAITS BY HOLMES AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.



WHERE THE FIRST SHRINE WAS FOUNDED BY KING INA OF WESSEX IN 704: "THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH BY THE WELLS OF ST. ANDREW," FROM THE MOAT.



BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS SINCE 1920: THE RIGHT REV. ST. JOHN  
BASIL WYNNE WILLSON, D.D.

BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF TAUNTON: THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES FANE  
DE SALIS, D.D.

*Continued.*

been met in recent times by a splendid generosity on the part of the County of Somerset. Quite lately an appeal was issued with the object of providing subscriptions of £750 a year for the next ten years: the response has been good, but not as yet nearly adequate. The Dean was unwilling to extend his application for help beyond the limits of the county, because at the same moment a great effort was being made on behalf of Westminster Abbey. But the time has now come in which he can freely invite his old friends in London to come to his aid,

and also the many devoted admirers of Wells who visit it from all parts of the British Empire and from the United States of America. For Wells is the glorious possession of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, and those who are entrusted with the charge of its treasure of antiquity desire to keep it in steady repair, so as to avoid the accumulation of decay which involves restoration on a large and perilous scale. Subscriptions and donations will be gladly acknowledged by the Reverend Canon Alcock, North Liberty, Wells, Somerset, or by the Dean of Wells."

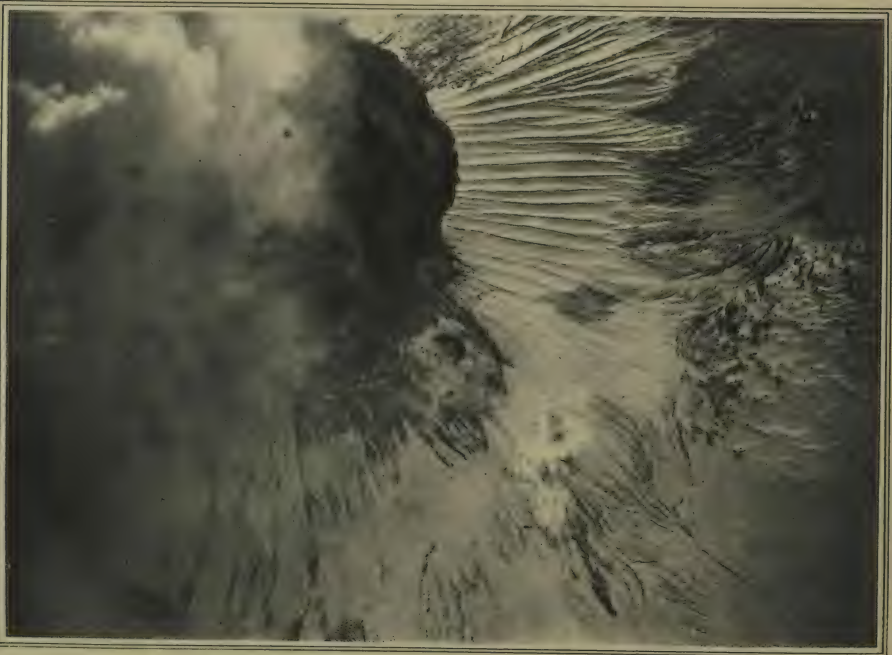


THE AIR—A NEW WORLD OF OBSERVATION AND EXPERIMENT :

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.,



TRAILING CLOUDS OF ARSENATE OF LEAD: AN AEROPLANE USED FOR THE FIRST TIME TO SPRAY AN ORCHARD OVER-RUN BY INSECTS—A PIONEER EXPERIMENT FOR THE OHIO DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



FLYING OVER A VOLCANO: THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS AS SEEN FROM MR. ALAN COBHAM'S AEROPLANE, WHICH SUDDENLY ROSE 1000 FT. ON ENTERING THE SULPHUROUS ATMOSPHERE.

"For the first time in the history of aviation," writes the sender of the upper left-hand photograph, "an orchard of fruit trees has been sprayed by aeroplane. Lieutenant John A. McReady, holder of the world's aeroplane altitude record, co-operating with the State Department of Agriculture of Ohio, flew from McCook Field, Dayton, to a farm south of the city, where an orchard was over-run by insects. A container on the side of the ship contained powdered arsenate of lead. Getting in the windward side of the grove, he released the powder, with the result shown in the picture. Agriculture experts standing among the trees were driven out by the dust, which was so thick. The insects were all killed." The next photograph shows the eastern side of Gibraltar. A noticeable feature is the great sheets of galvanised iron covering the middle slopes. They are for the purpose of catching rain-water, which runs down channels into tanks. Lack of

ORCHARD-SPRAYING; GIBRALTAR; VESUVIUS; CONSTANTINOPLE.

FLANDRIN, ALAN J. COBHAM, AND PHOTOPRESS.



SHOWING THE IRON SHEETS LAID OVER THE SLOPING SIDES AS "RAIN-CATCHERS": THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR—THE EASTERN FACE AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE, WITH SPAIN IN THE BACKGROUND.



CONSTANTINOPLE FROM THE AIR: STAMBOUL, SHOWING (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED, THE SENATE HOUSE, ST. SOPHIA, AND THE SERAGLIO, WITH THE GOLDEN HORN BEYOND.

water is one of the drawbacks of Gibraltar. The photograph of Vesuvius was taken by Mr. Alan Cobham during his recent 6000-mile air tour, with an American passenger, over parts of Europe and North Africa. On entering the sulphurous atmosphere near the volcano, the machine rose 1000 ft. with great rapidity. Mr. Cobham flew over Gibraltar at a height of 3000 ft.—The adjoining photograph shows Stamboul, the old part of Constantinople, with the ancient sea-walls along the shore. St. Sophia is the building in the centre with four minarets, just beyond the square blocks of the Senate House. Nearer, to the left, is the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed (with six minarets), and the Hippodrome to the left of it. To the right of St. Sophia is the Seraglio. Beyond lies the Golden Horn, with Allied war-ships, and the modern city in the background. Constantinople is to be restored to the Turks.





OSPREYS and egrettes we may not buy in this country, although we may wear such as we have. It will now be a question for the ingenuity of man to make us something out of feathers of the birds we devour, as graceful, light and becoming as our much-esteemed ospreys and egrettes. Doubtless this will be accomplished, and our old friends the ostriches are not only busy growing feathers on our behalf, but their owners are beseeching us to encourage wearing these plumes, and so help to revive what is, after all, a British industry. These feathers are being used in new and fascinating ways. Whole hats are being made of them veiled in tulle; they are being fashioned into flowers, pom-poms, rosettes, and even swathings for chapeaux, while fringes of ostrich feathers from lace or ribbon trimmings are very much the vogue. The ordinary lay mind would be much and agreeably surprised could it know of the varied beautiful and unusual-looking feather trimmings now on the market made largely from our harmless necessary barn-door fowls.

There was no one with half-an-ounce of sympathy in their make-up who did not extend it wholeheartedly to Lord and Lady Crewe in the loss of their only son, the young Earl of Madeley, a boy who was just what a real nice British boy should be. It was the more hard for them that he was the child of so many high hopes, for he was born nearly twelve years after the marriage of his parents; he was Lord Crewe's second son, since he had already lost, through death, the only boy of his first marriage. At the time of his birth his father was ill, and was so overjoyed at having a son that he recovered sufficiently to be at the christening luncheon given at Lord Rosebery's house in Berkeley Square, at which the little boy's royal godfather, the King, was present. There is a little daughter, Lady Mary

her marriage, Lady Peggy Primrose, and is Lord Rosebery's younger daughter. I hear that Lord and Lady Crewe are greatly broken by this blow, particularly the Marquess, one of the handsomest and most brilliant men of his day, and many years, of course, senior to his wife.



SLEEVES FORMED BY A VEIL.

A rose-trimmed turban in black has a long Chantilly lace veil divided in the centre of the back and forming sleeves, which are adorned with roses at the wrists.

Another sad recent occurrence is the death of the Earl of St. Germans. He was a tremendous favourite—few young men did so much to keep up the spirits of those about them at the Western Front. He was a gallant soldier, who won an M.C., was mentioned in despatches, and sustained wounds in the head and face. He had a bad accident hunting, breaking his pelvis bone, from which he never wholly recovered, and went to South Africa under doctor's orders. The Countess is the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and is a fine sportswoman, particularly as rider to hounds. She has two small daughters but no son, and Lord St. Germans' only and elder brother predeceased him. The new Earl is a cousin of the late peer, Mr. Granville John Eliot, elder son of the late Colonel the Hon. Charles G. C. Eliot, C.V.O. His mother was a sister of the first Lord Wimborne. The new Earl is over fifty, and unmarried; his brother, who is an Usher to the King, and Groom of the Robes, married Miss Helen Post, of New York. They have a son, born in 1914. Great sympathy is felt with the widow and also with the mother of the late Earl. The Dowager Countess has seen much trouble, and is a gentle and sweet-natured little lady, who was the daughter of the first and last Lord Taunton, and has for years been given greatly to good works.

Belfast has a sinister sound to newspaper readers these days. All the same, the capital of Ulster is a magnificent, a busy, an enterprising and a law-and-order-keeping city. That it has been drawn into the welter of political intrigue is no fault of its very business-loving and business-like people. This is apropos of a spring sale being held there by Robinson and Cleaver, a firm with world-wide ramifications and a reputation second to none. The booklet dealing with bed-linen, handkerchiefs, blouses, overalls, etc., offered at this spring sale is well worth writing for to the firm in Belfast by those whose real economy runs

to obtaining the best value for their money. Handkerchiefs are always necessary, and nowhere is there such variety and such value as at Robinson and Cleaver's.

We may write and talk and look for bright colours in our clothes during the coming months, but I do not think that we shall see them. To me it seems—and I have seen some hundreds of

models—that black, darkest blue, greys and browns will be the leading colours for our clothes in the months ahead. There will be brilliant touches on dresses for younger women and for those who include themselves in this category. This is a fashion which has advantages, for, by changing the colour and style of these touches, the dress is also changed to the casual observer. Long lines are being secured by bands of embroidery. Dull silver under-dresses with jet embroideries are in great demand. I have seen a lovely gown of dull cloth of gold with copper embroideries; it is, however, an order from a lady of many dresses, and it has long sleeves of copper net embroidered in copper.

For Easter, we had to think of coats—there was no encouragement to think that we could be without them or wear any that were not substantially comfortable. One having a fancy check suiting as a belted undercoat, with a deep soft collar and cape of cloth to tone with the ground of the undercoat, is at once smart and practical. Knitted coats and skirts in spun silk are just right in the country and by the sea, and a new pattern in these creates quite a flutter in dove-cotes. It is a fashion that provides many an impoverished woman with employment, and is therefore one to encourage. The amateur rushes in, of course, where the professional knitter scores success. The usual result is a badly hanging and badly fitting suit. Another matter on which money and thought have been expended is stockings. These may, and do, make or mar many a costume. Those who can afford heavy ribbed spun silk stockings to match their coat and skirt cannot do better than that, save to have neat shoes also to match. Lightweight woollen stockings in checks or stripes or fancy design to harmonise or contrast with the suit are also successful.

Princess Mary has been enjoying herself shopping in Paris, and has had as guide, philosopher and friend, Lady Patricia Ramsay, whom it may be said our bride Princess has always very greatly admired and liked. Lady Patricia's taste in dress, particularly in hats, is beyond reproach. Those who know her best say that she never makes a mistake—whatever she wears is just right; and I have heard many women say that she wore the most becoming, most simple, and most lovely hat seen in Westminster Abbey the day of the Royal Wedding.

A. E. L.



A CRÊPE ATHENIA DRESS.

With the low waist-line embroidered in steel beads, this dinner dress is made of the fashionable crêpe Athenia, and "Sydalg," of 79, George Street, W.1., is responsible for it.

Crewe-Milnes, born in 1915. Lord Crewe's three daughters of his first marriage are all married, Lady Annabel for the second time, she having lost her first husband in the war. Her eldest son is about seventeen, some years older than his step-uncle, the late Earl of Madeley. Lord and Lady Crewe were married in Westminster Abbey on April 20, 1899, and few weddings gave rise to so much interest and excitement. Lady Crewe was, before



A BLACK SATIN EVENING GOWN.

Delightfully simple is this Paris model in black satin, with pointed drapery gathered into a rope of the same material on the left side. It comes from "Sydalg," 79, George Street, W.1.



# FEATHERED MIDGETS: A MOTHER HUMMING-BIRD AND HER BABIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR ARTHUR A. ALLEN, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ORNITHOLOGY AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.



SHOWING THE CROP—A SWELLING ON THE NECK: A HUMMING-BIRD (RIGHT) JUST HATCHED, ON A CARD BESIDE A GRASSHOPPER.



"SHE SETTLED LIGHTLY ON MY FINGER, HER LITTLE CLAWS MAKING ABOUT AS MUCH IMPRESSION AS A THISTLEDOWN": A HUMMING-BIRD.



"BUZZING OUT A MEAL FROM THE TRUMPET-CREEPERS": A MOTHER HUMMING-BIRD WHO HAD LEFT HER NEST, WITH ITS TWO EGGS, JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ENABLE HER TO OBTAIN FOOD.

In our issue of February 18 we gave a charming photograph, by Professor Arthur Allen, of Cornell University, showing a humming-bird mothering her young in a tea-spoon. It formed part of his delightful article in "Scribner's Magazine," in which he described the proceedings of a humming-bird that built her nest in a pear-tree in his garden. Here we give three more of his photographs, of which he says: "The day after the nest was completed, a tiny white egg appeared in it, and the following day another. . . . For fifteen days she was thus attentive, leaving them just long enough to buzz out a meal from the trumpet-creepers, or to pick a few tiny insects from the under-side of leaves or twigs. During this

time we got pretty well acquainted. . . . If one held a finger over the edge (of the nest) she would settle lightly upon it, her tiny claws making about as much impression as a thistledown. . . . Then the great event happened: first one egg, and, a day later, the second egg, broke open and two tiny hummers appeared. They were no larger than honey-bees . . . tiny atoms of bird life. . . . Placed on a card by the side of a grasshopper, they appeared smaller, though fatter, and absolutely devoid of any resemblance to a bird. . . . She skipped from flower to flower and back to the nest. It usually took some time to fill her crop with nectar, but she had plenty to distend the crops of both her youngsters."



## IS THERE LIFE ON THE PLANETS?—THE ANSWER OF ASTRONOMY.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.

## THE THREE HABITABLE PLANETS

VENUS

EARTH

MARS

## WORLDS UNSUITED FOR LIVING CREATURES

## THE SEMI-SUNS

JUPITER

SATURN

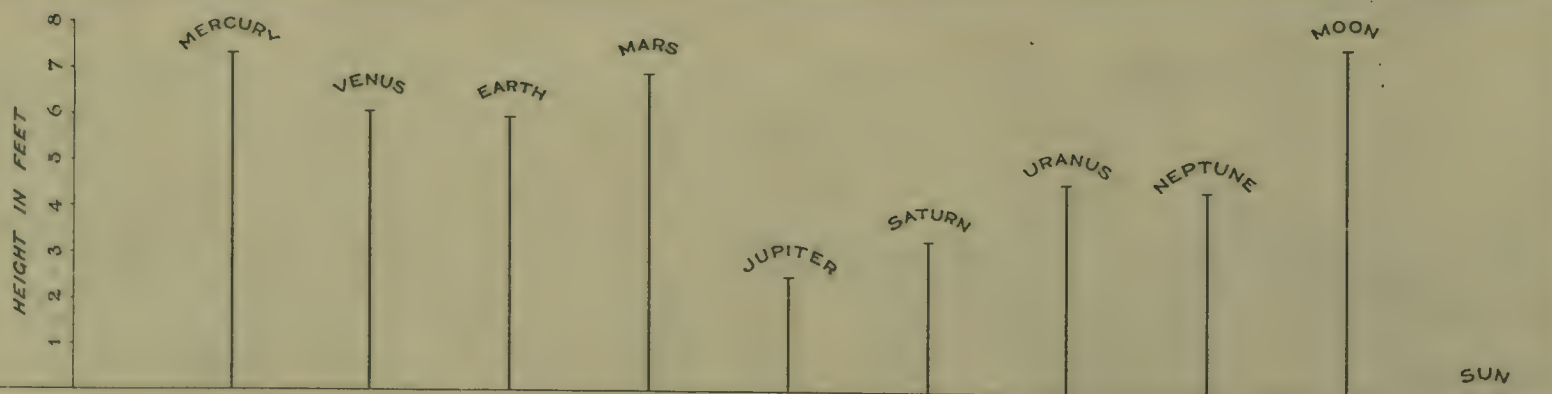
## THE ROASTED PLANET

MERCURY

## THE FROZEN PLANETS

URANUS

NEPTUNE



WERE ALL THE PLANETS INHABITED, WE MIGHT IMAGINE THAT TO BE AS ACTIVE AS TERRESTRIAL BEINGS, THE LARGEST INHABITANTS WOULD RESIDE ON THE SMALLEST PLANETS.

Scriven Bolton del.

COMPRISING A "ROASTED" PLANET, THREE HABITABLE PLANETS, TWO SEMI-SUNS, AND TWO "FROZEN" PLANETS: OUR FELLOW-SATELLITES OF THE SUN, AND THE PROBLEM OF LIFE UPON THEM.

Summarising his article on a later page, Mr. Scriven Bolton writes: "Now that the principal planets rise at a convenient hour of the night, the old question often crops up as to whether life really exists on our neighbour worlds. Astronomers believe that, if the power of our telescopes were sufficiently increased, it would be found that every planet is not barren of life. We cannot conceive of life on those semi-suns, Jupiter and Saturn; while on the roasted planet Mercury, microscopical forms only may thrive; and Uranus and Neptune, the frozen worlds, appear totally unsuited for the abode of living creatures. Conditions on the two remaining planets, Mars and Venus, appear favourable for animal and vegetable life. Some day, perhaps, when our telescopic vision has been increased many thousandfold, the vexed question, 'Are there living creatures

on Mars or Venus?' may be answered in the affirmative. On the earth life adapts itself to the environment in which it lives, and it is well known that certain creatures may thrive in one locality, where others of a different type would perish. Thus a planet apparently not quite suited as a habitude for living creatures may be the residence of beings totally dissimilar to those of which we are conscious. We can imagine that, if all terrestrial life were transplanted to some other planet, it would probably perish; yet that very planet may be teeming with intelligent life of its own species. And those planets which to-day are unfitted to support life may have proved a suitable abode in the past, or may do so at some remote future epoch, when our earth has become a dead world, chilled to the core."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



*Born 1820——Still going Strong!*



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 6

*NELSON'S STAIRWAY,  
the "George," Portsmouth:—Very little remaining of its  
antiquity excepting Nelson's bedroom and the staircase  
which he descended before the Battle of Trafalgar.*

Johnnie Walker: "Ah ! England expects . . . ."

Shade of Nelson (interrupting): "that you, JOHNNIE WALKER,  
will go on paying duty."



## ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., etc.  
(See Illustration on a previous Page.)

OUR world is but one of many which circle round the sun, all being originally evolved from one nebula. Thus we look expectantly upon our cousin planets in the endeavour to find traces of life thereon. As essential to life, we have on the earth air, water, various salts, and an undue range of temperature. And, since the terrestrial elements are scattered throughout the universe, we may learn from analogy whether a planet is at a stage of its career which might justify a belief in its habitability.

The kinetic theory of atmospheres tells us that on the smaller planets, where gravitation is weak, the gases tend to fly off into space and be lost. This is the reason why the moon lacks a substantial atmosphere, why the smallest planets, Mercury and Mars, do not possess atmospheres like ours, why most of the satellites and minor planets are believed to be destitute of air and unsuited as places of abodes for beings. The conditions on the moon are favourable only for a low form of vegetal growth and microscopical life.

Our notions concerning the planets may be outlined, commencing with Mercury, the nearest orb to the sun. A roasted world indeed, for it receives nine times more heat than we do, a heat sufficient to melt rocks and metals! Lacking an appreciable atmosphere, the surface is unshielded from the scorching rays. The question of Mercury as an abode for living creatures cannot be seriously entertained, and microscopical forms only may be found there.

Venus is truly earth's sister-world, for her size, surface gravity, and length of seasons are very similar. Although receiving nearly twice the amount of heat to which we are accustomed, her surface is protected by a densely cloud-laden and active atmosphere, which almost hides her features, and which must greatly modify the temperature and equalise the seasons. Even our air absorbs one third of the heat before it reaches the surface. The latest observations of Venus indicate that this planet rotates on its axis in perhaps less time than does the earth, and that its axis is inclined at a similar angle to ours. There is nothing to oppose the idea of a Venusian race of beings similar to ourselves, granting, of course, that the essential elements and compounds are present in her atmosphere. Recent spectrograms obtained at the Mount Wilson Observatory denote an absence of oxygen; but, since the atmosphere is believed to be

400 miles in depth, the lower layers, containing the chief amount of oxygen, may be totally hidden.

Mars being smaller than the earth in the proportion of five to eight, gravitation at his surface is only about four-tenths that of our globe. A terrestrial athlete on Mars might leap a twelve-foot wall; while on Jupiter he would find it difficult to move about;



TO THOSE OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, CAPE TOWN, WHO FELL IN THE WAR: THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED BY PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.—[Photograph by Topical.]

and on the sun he would be hopelessly pinned down. The Martian seasons resemble ours, except that they are twice as long. The rarity of the atmosphere is comparable to that at our mountain elevations. At each pole is a white cap, believed to be ice and

snow, though one theory has it that this is a deposit of carbon dioxide. Even with a much lower mean temperature than the terrestrial, we are justified in believing that the conditions on Mars might easily favour an intelligent race, especially if the presence of water vapour and carbon dioxide in his atmosphere could be proved, since this would act like a blanket in retaining heat and equalising temperature.

Jupiter and Saturn, the semi-suns, represent an era antedating the beginning of life. Countless ages must elapse ere they become fit habitudes. Seething matter is incessantly thrust up from the fiery interiors. In the case of such giant bodies (Jupiter being 1309, and Saturn 740 times larger than the earth), where the processes of evolution are slow, nature may some day develop nobler types of life.

Uranus and Neptune, the two planets farthest from the sun, are justly termed the frozen worlds, for they receive only a 400th and 900th part respectively of the solar heat received by us. Sunlight is proportionately diminished. Their enormous distances from us forbid any precise knowledge of their surfaces. Their atmospheres contain unknown gases. We can conceive of living creatures only on the assumption that the small amount of heat received from the sun is compensated by certain atmospheric peculiarities in storing up heat, or by inherent heat itself. It is idle speculation to attempt to reason on the probability of living beings here, as the conditions far transcend anything we are conscious of. At the same time, we see how the earth sustains her own characteristic life forms, and although Uranus and Neptune appear totally unsuited for living creatures such as we are acquainted with, we cannot definitely assert that these worlds are impossible habitudes for every species of life.

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## Marcus Aurelius on Insurance *Old Age*

Thus spake the ancient Roman Emperor who was also a philosopher:

"We ought to consider not only that our life is daily wasting away and a smaller part of it is left, but another thing also must be taken into account, that if a man should live longer it is quite uncertain whether the understanding will still continue sufficient for the comprehension of things."  
—Marcus Aurelius.

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE SAD CASE OF THE BRITISH SWALLOW.

THE fact that our swallows have shown, and continue to show, a marked decrease in numbers throughout the country, is causing grave anxiety to all interested in our native birds. And this not merely because the loss of the swallow would inevitably mean the loss of one of the most conspicuous of our tokens of summer-time, but also because, were this deplorable thing to come to pass, we should lose one of our most efficient agents in keeping down the hordes of minute flies which, even now, try us sorely during the sweltering days of midsummer.

Many theories have been advanced to account for this mysterious decline. Perhaps the wildest of these is that which has been advanced to show that the ranks of our swallows, on their way to us from Africa, through France, are subjected to a merciless and devilishly ingenious toll. This is levied, it is alleged, by means of what we may call pseudo-telegraph wires, indistinguishable from those on which swallows are wont to rest after their long and perilous journey across the treacherous sea. When the wires are well covered, it is averred, the whole company is instantly slain by means of an electric current passed through the wire. By this means, we are solemnly assured, "millions" are killed every spring!

If there were any truth whatever in this story, we should surely have learned, long ere now, what happens to these "millions" of slain. There is no evidence that they are used by the plume-trade or for food. Assuredly so hideous a harvest could not escape record, if it were garnered. Furthermore, we have no reason to suppose that our swallows come to us from Africa *via* France.

But we have records to show that frightful havoc is wrought on their numbers by sudden changes of temperature; where icy blasts and snow follow close upon the heels of fine open weather. Such changes during the early days of spring, as we have only just experienced, are by no means rare. And we know nothing of other catastrophes which may overtake them in their winter quarters or during the earlier stages of their route on their way to us.

There is another factor which has seriously to be taken into account. And this has been at work now for some years. I allude to the methods of sanitation which have been imposed on all who have the care of cows. The local Health authorities insist that all cow-sheds must be sprayed with whitewash at frequent intervals during the summer. However good this may be for the cows, it is fatal to the swallows, which formerly nested on the rafters of such sheds in hundreds, though no single shed may have harboured more than



INCLUDING A KING AND A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER: A GROUP ON THE BEAU SITE LAWN-TENNIS COURTS AT CANNES—SIR ARTHUR BALFOUR, K.G., M.L.E. LENGLÉN, THE KING OF SWEDEN, AND MRS. BEAMISH.

half-a-dozen nests. This has now been going on for some years. And if the work of eviction has been slow—for the swallow is very tenacious of its home—it has been deadly sure.

As we have not the smallest hope of restoring these nesting sites, it is time that we faced the problem of creating others. In America the numbers of purple martins have been vastly increased by erecting nesting-boxes in the form of houses on poles resembling pigeon-cotes. Areas in which this bird was previously unknown, or exceedingly rare, are now tenanted.

Profiting by this fact, it would be worth while to try the experiment of putting up rafter-like structures under very broad "eaves" outside the now untenable cow-sheds. Or some modification of the pigeon-cote might be erected in the neighbourhood of cow-sheds.

According to Seebohm—and he was an ornithologist of repute—our British swallow differs conspicuously from its Continental counterpart, for it is of the same species. Thus, while our bird builds its nest on the joist which supports the rafter of a barn or cow-shed, a few inches below the tiles or slates of the roof, forming thereon a ring of mud lined with grass and a few feathers, the Continental bird builds against a perpendicular wall, forming a quarter of a globe of mud, instead of a mere ring. But here, also, it is placed just under the roof. But such nests differ from those of the house-martin in having the sides, as well as the front, open. This shows, as I have many times urged, that our British birds form, so to speak, a genus by themselves, returning year after year to the same spot to breed. Hence, then, we cannot hope to restore the depleted ranks of our birds by immigrants from the Continent—for they, too, return each year to their own place. It is clear, then, that if our birds continue to decline in numbers they will at last become extinct, and we shall know the swallow as a British bird no more. This is a very painful prospect, and we should lose no time in striving to find a remedy to avert the threatened evil before it is too late.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

The Annual Draw of the Art Union of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, is being held again this year. The value of the first

prize will be £200, and there will be numerous other prizes, each of which must be chosen by the winners from the pictures in the Exhibition of the Royal Institute. The tickets are 1s. each, and every subscriber who takes a complete book of twenty tickets will be entitled to a reproduction in colour of a picture by W. H. Margetson, R.I., R.O.I., signed by the artist. In addition to the above prizes will be 100 or more extra prizes, of photogravures. Tickets, which can be secured up to April 25, may be obtained from the Secretary, Royal Institute, 195, Piccadilly, W.1.

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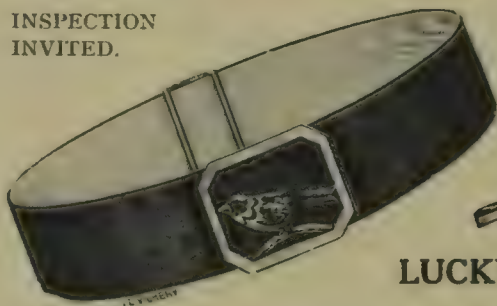
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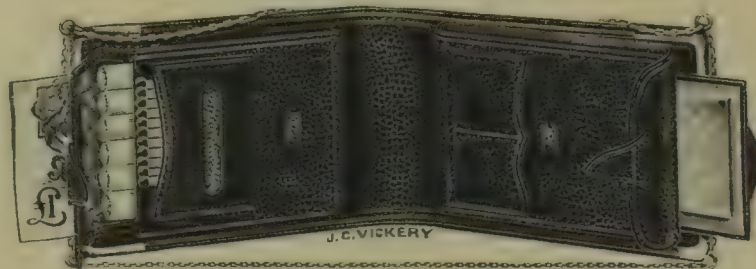
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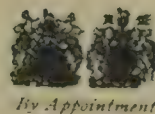
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

London—Land's End.

Reliability trials nowadays have resolved themselves into a battle between the dependability of the

modern car and the organising imagination, if I may put it that way, of the promoters of the test. It has long been urged against such trials that they are of little comparative value, for the reason that the average competitor only requires ordinary luck to secure a premier award almost automatically. That is perfectly true, given that trials are organised on the old lines. Before the war, when I was a regular competitor in long-distance trials, one faced the starter with a certain amount of misgiving, shall I say? There was always the possibility of something happening to spoil one's performance, even so late as 1913. Of course, in the earlier times, if one secured a gold medal in such an event as the London-Edinburgh-London trial it was well earned, because to go right through without trouble of some kind was next to unheard of. Very often one had to carry out the most extraordinary repairs on the roadside—repairs that one looked back upon and wondered how they had been accomplished in the time and with the appliances at one's disposal. Things are very different now, and when one sets out on a long journey it would give rise to a feeling of something akin to astonishment if anybody asked if there were a possibility of the journey being accomplished without an involuntary stop. The reliability of the car is taken absolutely for granted.

The fight between car and trials organiser is something like that between armour and the gun—except that the gun, which is in this case the car, always defeats its adversary. Even such a knowledgeable promoter as the Motor Cycling Club is hard put to it to devise a long-distance event which will really be a comparative test, and has, it seems to me, tacitly admitted defeat by making its forthcoming Easter trial from London to Land's End a test for the time-keeping ability of the driver as much as of the car's reliability. It has chosen a route which would have been impossible of negotiation not so many years ago, including as it does such notorious hills as



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Beggar's Roost, Lynton, Porlock, and Countisbury. A most strenuous schedule of time has been arranged, and it has altogether become a question more of the man than of the car—the latter being taken for granted. Still, I regard these trials as being of the greatest interest and value, because even now there are cars with weak points which have a habit of showing themselves under the onerous conditions of such trials as this, and it is only by their discovery in such tests that we get them eliminated. By no means has the usefulness of trials departed. Incidentally, no fewer than 322 entries have been received for the trial, of which 92 are cars, all of them in the "light" class.

#### Clear Wind-Screens.

The fearful weather we have experienced during the past three months has drawn considerable attention to a serious potential danger—to wit, a wind-screen which is obscured by rain or snow. All kinds of compounds and devices are sold for the purpose of minimising the danger by giving a clear screen in wet weather, but few of them are really effective. I have used a good many compounds, but none are more effective than the homely dodge of rubbing the glass with a slice of raw potato. No matter what one does, the effect is comparatively slight, and in half-an-hour the screen is as bad as ever. Nor are the various screen-wipers which are sold much better. I have tried more than one of

these, and, as a rule, they are so badly made that they break in a very few weeks. Moreover, they are useless unless continuously operated, and this becomes irksome in the extreme. I came across one the other day, however, which was different, fitted to a friend's car, which is called, I believe, the "Folberth." It is American in origin, and is operated by a tiny suction motor which is worked from the induction-pipe. It seems to be simple to fit, and is controllable from the instrument-board—all you have to do is to turn a button, and the wiper starts operations and continues to work as long as required. Unfortunately, I quite omitted to ask where this device can be obtained. If this should meet the eye of anybody who can give me the required information, I shall be more than obliged.

[Continued overleaf.]

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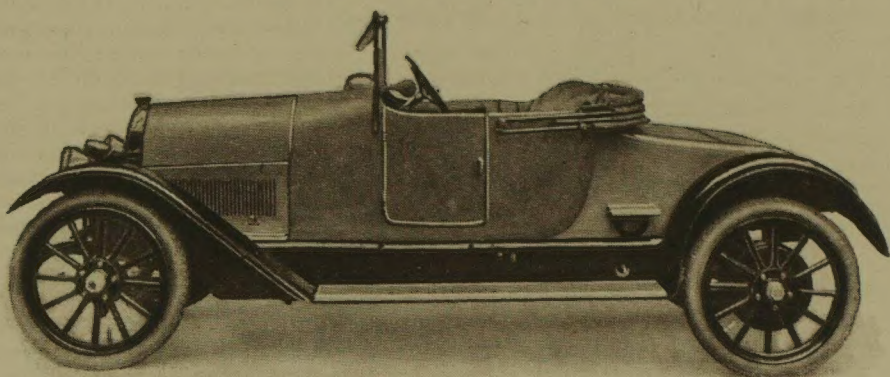
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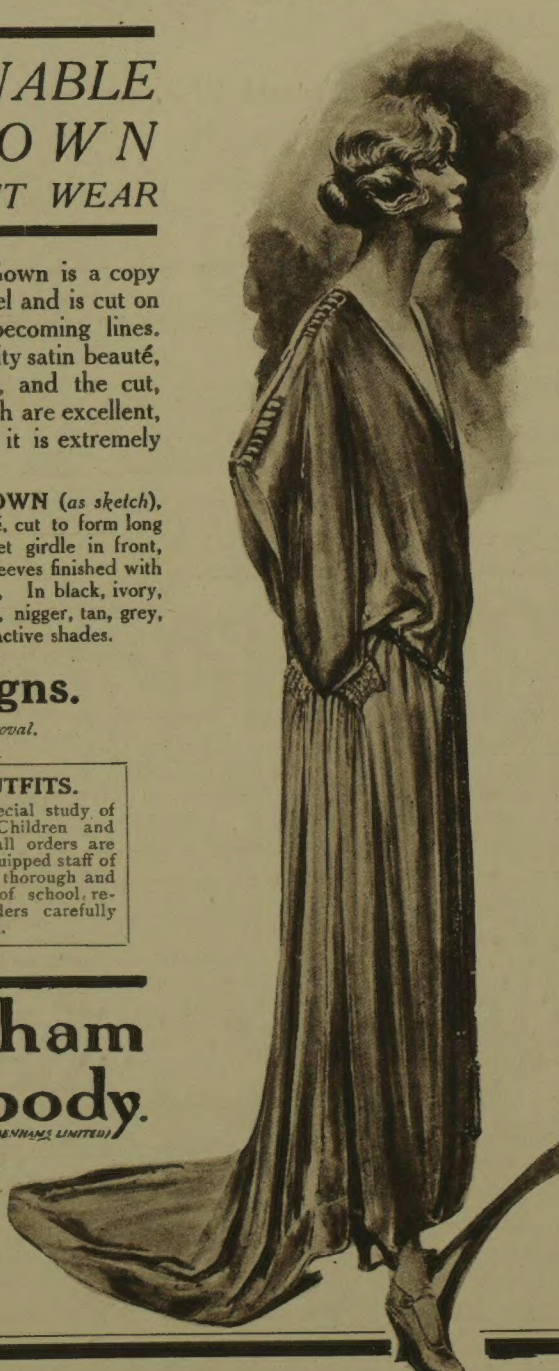
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "RUNNING WATER," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"RUNNING WATER" is a play with an interesting theme, tense moments, an exciting plot; it offers a "star" part to that popular young actress Miss Edna Best, and also serves to reintroduce Mr. Gilbert Hare; but it is not all it might be, because Mr. A. E. W. Mason does not realise practically enough that the technique of the dramatist must concentrate, must be single-minded, and cannot be discursive and many-stringed as can be the novelist's. His story starts with pregnant possibilities—the possibilities of a young, independent, high-minded girl affecting the life and conscience of her rogue of a father. Sylvia Strood, quitting a mother of whom she apparently disapproves, joins this father she has never seen without any inkling of his character. The father, who is in league with other rogues, sees his chance of using Sylvia as a decoy; the girl, soon tumbling to the ugliness of his associates, but believing better things of him, conceives a mission for herself in the contract into which they enter—he quite dishonestly—for the rescue of the "pigeon" he and his allies are ruthlessly plucking. But the motif of father and daughter drops into the background. Instead, the subsidiary idea of her championship of the "pigeon"—a young man she does not even love, for she has already a lover—thrsts itself into an extravagant prominence. In the end the problem is solved by the irruption of the lover and his holding-up of villainy as though he were some detective in "crook" drama. Still, the play, if it is not what it set out to be, has its thrills, and it gives scope to acting. Notably to Mr. Hare, who with touches of geniality and cynical humour tries to humanise his study of the Mephistophelean father; Mr. Max Leeds and Mr. Spencer Trevor provide effective minor sketches of roguery; and Mr. Combermere makes much of the scenes of torture and dementia in which the doped "pigeon" is involved. The girlish charm of Miss Best comes once more across the footlights in the rôle of Sylvia; but she is set emotional tasks here which, though she essays them gallantly, are at present beyond her range.

**NEW GRAND GUIGNOL SERIES, AT THE LITTLE.** The seventh series of Grand Guignol plays at the Little Theatre is the best Mr. Levy has supplied. One item in his new programme, "At the Telephone,"

will be familiar to older theatre-goers as the vehicle (twenty years ago at Wyndham's) for one of the finest displays of acting given on our stage by Charles Warner. It has aged very lately, this story of a husband who hears and cannot prevent the murder of his beloved wife, but it still makes the same poignant appeal, and Mr. Franklin Dyall does very well in the leading part. The most interesting new play, "Progress," comes from the pen of Mr. St. John Ervine, and shows a brother and sister who are opposites in types, especially in relation to war. The sister, a bereaved mother, broods on the past and the losses war has brought her; the brother, a scientist, has made an invention which is to add to the horrors of war. Asked by her to destroy it, he refuses, and he laughs when she thinks she has made away with his model, telling her his plans are in his head; whereupon, in a frenzy, she kills him. Miss Sybil Thorndike acts in this piece with tremendous intensity. Not so successful in its thrill is Mr. Crawshaw Williams' "Nutcracker Suite": here a wronged and half-crazy husband lures his wife and her lover into a room, the ceiling of which is made to descend on them and crush them, after the manner of one of Poe's nightmare fancies; but somehow, though Miss Thorndike as wife, Mr. Dyall as the fiendish husband, and Mr. Ian Fleming as lover give of their best in interpretation, it misses being sufficiently impressive. In violent contrast is Mr. Maltby's burlesque of old-time farce, "Amelia's Sutor," which is not only good fun itself, but permits Miss Thorndike a chance of demonstrating her versatility; while "Colombine," if a somewhat artificial "fantasy," has its prettiness, and gets pretty acting from Miss Elizabeth Arkell in its title-rôle.

For the convenience of passengers travelling to Tattenham Corner Station for the Epsom Races on April 18 and 19, the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a Special Limited Pullman car train leaving Cannon Street Station at 12.25 p.m. on both days. The train will return to London Bridge and Charing Cross Stations, leaving Tattenham Corner Station at 5.20 p.m. Luncheons and teas will be served in the train at moderate charges. Tickets can be obtained at Cannon Street Station and Charing Cross. Fares: 8s. single, and 15s. return. As the number of tickets will be limited, intending passengers should book in advance.

Continued.]

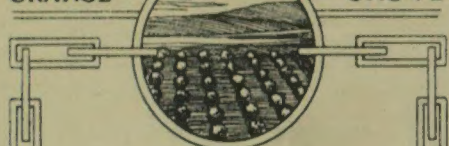
## Car Taxation for Visitors to France.

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In the case of a car that is not to remain in France for more than forty-eight hours, excluding Sundays and holidays, one can obtain a "laissez passer" from the Customs authorities at a charge of only three francs, and the R.A.C. is advised that the French Government has now arranged for the issue of a booklet designated "Carnet de Circulation" for the benefit of those who wish to enter France with a car for a brief period of forty-eight hours each on several occasions during the year. This arrangement—which, it is understood, will take effect about the beginning of July next—will allow a car to enter France thirty times in one year for not more than forty-eight hours on each occasion, and under this system the formalities, so far as concerns the Inland Revenue tax, will be reduced to checking the identity of the holder and his car, and recording the entry and exit of the car on the "Carnet de Circulation." These documents will be issued on payment of 150 francs, and will be restricted to foreign motorists visiting France who are members of clubs affiliated to the Automobile Club de France and the Touring Club de France. The "Carnet de Circulation" will mainly benefit motorists resident in countries on the French borders, but may be of advantage to visitors from the British Isles. W. W.

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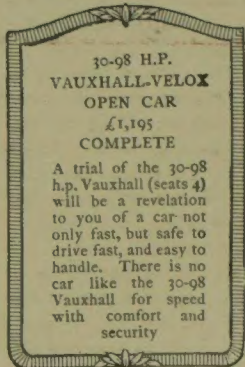
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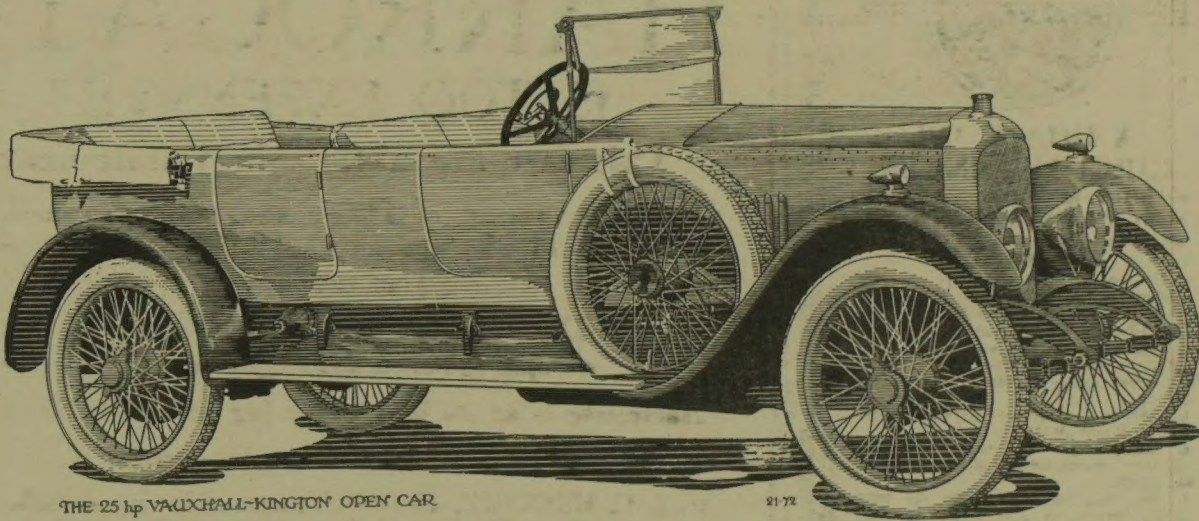
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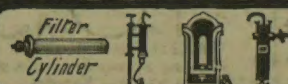
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